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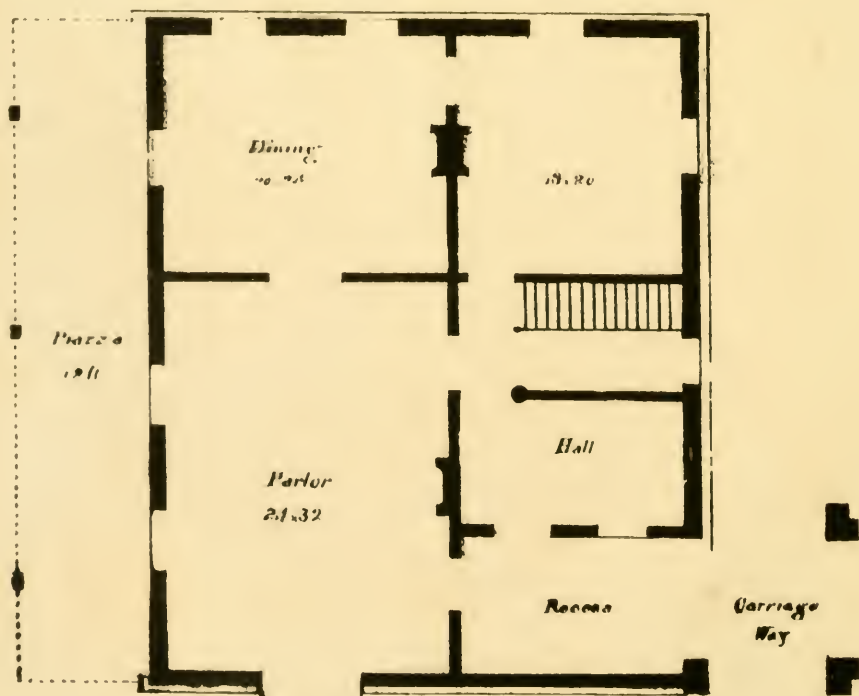
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LETTER SMINGER
C O T T A G E S

AND

C O T T A G E L I F E .

CONTAINING

PLANS FOR COUNTRY HOUSES,

ADAPTED TO THE MEANS AND WANTS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES; WITH

DIRECTIONS FOR BUILDING AND IMPROVING;

FOR THE

LAYING OUT AND EMBELLISHING OF GROUNDS; WITH

SOME SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY.

BY C. W. ELLIOTT.

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INTRODUCTORY

OBSERVATIONS UPON BUILDING.

It is not worth while to attempt to state, in few words, the principles of architecture, or of landscape gardening, as an art. They are, as yet, so indefinite—so little more than a feeling in the mind of any—that I have not been able to find them written down. There are rules enough to guide a man in building a good and comfortable house,—none that will enable him to build a beautiful, an *artistic* one. He must have the perception,—the sense of beauty within himself.

It is also true, that a man may have this sense of beauty, so as to be able to judge of its expression by others, without being able, at a given time, to express it himself. For instance, there are hundreds of men who can judge of the plan of a house submitted to them, and judge correctly of its true beauty, without being able to make—to combine—one which is at all desirable; for one reason: because this faculty is not cultivated in them to that degree.

Therefore, it *is* desirable, for every man who is about building, to apply to a capable person for a

design, or to submit his own plans to such an one for correction and improvement. I may say, here, what I have spoken of before,—a house *may* have a distinctly good influence,—and in this way; perhaps, it may, sooner or later, come to the mind of a careless person, that a house which he is in the habit of seeing, is harmonious,—that it has about it not only convenience, but beauty—in its proportions—in its variety—in its colors—and so on. It is not unlikely that he may suppose that, to the occupants of the house, its beauty, though a less essential matter, is as distinctly a source of pleasure as its convenience; and, finally, to wonder whether these finer impressions are not as desirable, for him also, as the sensations of warmth and shelter.

Now, any house, no matter how mean, may have all these considered. Good proportion may almost always be had; a pleasing color costs no more than a disagreeable one; one large and well-shaped window is better and cheaper than two small ones.

In designing a house for an external effect, it will very often happen that convenience will be sacrificed; that is, the outside will be planned, and *then* the inside,—which is all wrong. Now, here the question may be asked, and, perhaps, it indirectly springs from this —“In what does the charm of variety in a building consist?” It is, possibly, because it suggests to the looker that the additions,—the gables, and wings, and piazzas, (parts which give this variety in form)—

have been made to suit the wants and conveniences of the family;—have grown directly out of a necessity,—have at their foundation an idea, an object upon which to rest securely. Almost all the groups of old houses, which artists catch from the stream of time, are of this character.

Well, in this lies a *sentiment*; and when these different parts are arranged, so as to be well contrasted and balanced,—not disposed symmetrically, but considered with reference to beauty,—then it takes shape, and becomes—STYLE.

Let any one think for a moment of a new, fresh-looking, square house, set down on a bare and level field—he has no doubt seen a thousand;—and let him remember an old country house,—having, in itself, really no more pretensions to beauty, but around which the arching trees spread their protecting shades,—where the honeysuckles breathe their fragrances,—under the eaves of which the phebes have for generations had their nests,—and he will, I think, understand that there is a difference. He will see that this last is sacred to the memory of the lives that have passed there;—that it tells a story of birth and death,—of joy and sorrow,—of stormy youth and quiet age. Then, if he does understand this, let him beware of *newness*; let him shun spruceness, which is as contrary to neatness as Lucifer is to Gabriel. How far the future should influence a man in the building of his house, no one can determine for another;—these are

some of the considerations. If a house is so cheaply built as to be intended only to last one's own life time, it will almost necessarily look meager, and be meager. A great pasteboard, giant's castle, which the winds rock, and flap about his ears, is no way suggestive of stability, and a love of home. More than this, it needs constant repairs, and is *not economical*.

In a country like this, where the same property so rarely continues in a man's descendents, it is an injudicious expenditure to tie up any considerable portion of an estate in the dwelling house; because, upon the division of property consequent at his death, this has so often to be sold;—and, as no one builds to suit another, it is almost always sold at a great sacrifice, and the fortunes of one's "house" are literally lost.

As to the ornaments of a house, be careful that they are very subordinate.

Large objects—such as a tower, in Plate I—should be of use, otherwise, they will seem to some to be quite a ridiculous and unmeaning waste.

The estimated cost of these plans is not definite, and will vary in different parts of the country. In the estimates, they are all supposed to be built of wood, in good style. Many of them can be built for less, if a person can learn how, in time. But the unimportance of many of the details, in these country houses, should not be forgotten. Let such parts as the frame, the roof, the foundation,—any thing which involves duration,—be done well; but whether the door panels

should be finished with an o. g., or a bead, or no molding at all, is comparatively of little consequence;—and it is these *little things* which make so many *cheap* houses very *dear* ones.

The *location* should have some influence upon the style of the house. It is safe, I think, to say that the Italian house (Plate V) is best adapted to the climate of Italy, and harmonizes with the shape of the country, which alternates from the graceful and beautiful to the picturesque. It is well adapted to high, exposed situations,—its broad, rather depressed form seeming to cling, as it were, to the earth. This will be deemed by some as heresy. The Swiss cottage (Plate VIII), with its broad roof, sheds off both storms and sun; and, sheltered by the overhanging rocks, the twisted oaks, and dark pines, excites a sense of security, which is the charm of home in mountainous countries. The English cottage (Plate III) is the abode of comfort. The smoke curls up from its clustered chimneys, from among the trees, on the borders of some clear and rapid stream; or on some wooded spot, with its back ground of ragged hills.

It seems, then, if any of these styles are to be adopted, the one best suited to the character of the scenery should be chosen, and not the one which may be the most pleasing as a picture. If possible, select a spot where trees are already growing,—remembering how short human life is.

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DESCRIPTION OF PLATE I.

SCALE—SIXTEEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

This is the largest house in the collection, and one of a good deal of pretension. It can in no way be called a cottage. It should be built of light-colored stone, in a substantial and elegant manner.

The opening in the TOWER allows of a carriage way, and persons alight on the recess, secure from rain. It (the tower) contains a bedroom twelve feet square, and above, a room for an observatory, laboratory, or the like. A concealed flue may be made in the wall. Bold and prominent appendages like this, should now-a-days always answer some useful purpose—otherwise they seem an affectation. It is believed that this arch is sufficient to sustain the weight; but a concealed circular arch may be turned above it if thought best. The “blocking course” resting on the roof should have openings left between it and the roof, say of two inches, to let off the water.

C O T T A G E S

AND

C O T T A G E L I F E.

CHAPTER I.

"TELL us about these pictures," said Mark, the oldest of three little boys, "tell us something about them."

"Yes, yes," said the two others to their father, who held a small portfolio, and their faces brightened with eagerness, "tell us, tell us."

"These little drawings were made long, long ago," said the father, "almost when I was a boy."

"As little as me?" said Eddy, the youngest.

"No," said Ben, who was three inches taller, "not so little as you—you are too little."

"No," said the father, "I was larger than any of you—nearly a man. In a few years, my lads, you will grow up to be as large as I was then, and I hope will make much better pictures than these."

Little Eddy's breast swelled with the thought, and he looked into the eyes of the other boys, believing that his future size must overwhelm them with wonder; they, however, were both absorbed—the one with the idea that his father should ever have been little—the other in a vague speculation as to how he became so big.

"Were you a good boy?" asked Ben, having some uncertain belief that this was the cause of all growth.

"I can't say," replied the father, "much like you, I think. If grandpa was alive, he could tell you better than I can."

"Tell us about grandpa," said Mark; "was he your pa?"

"Was he big, bigger than you?" asked Eddy.

The little boys saw, in an instant, that there was a shadow over their father's face. For a few moments all were silent; the children held their breath. Upon Eddy's face there was an inquiring awe; which broke into beauty, like the landscape when the sunshine is suddenly poured upon it, as his father spoke again, in his customary tone.

"Yes, yes, it was a good many years ago that we all came out from the city—your mother, grandfather, uncle John, and I. Some of them," he continued, as if thinking aloud, "happy, short years, some long, and one dreary." He looked at the boys, and pressed the smallest closer to his side—"You know but little about a mother, Eddy." Eddy put his arms around his father's neck, and laid his head quietly on his shoulder, feeling something at his heart, though what, is a mystery.

"We were all tired of the town. The stir and tumult, the emulation and struggle were no longer of interest, and we believed we could live as usefully, and certainly more as we wished to, out of it, than in it."

"I did not get tired of it," said Mark, "when I was there."

"That's where the monkeys are," said Eddy, "and the lions and tigers—Sally Smith told me so."

"Yes, Eddy, there are lions and tigers enough, and monkeys too, and one day you will see more than you wish to; but we had seen enough, and were glad to get away

from it all, to where the stream ran more smoothly, where there were fewer rocks and eddies."

"Me?" said Eddy, looking up into his face.

"No, my boy—you are a good Eddy; but there are many bad eddies in the world, from which your grandfather and all of us were willing to escape."

"Well, tell us about them, and about grandpa," said Ben.

"When you were a boy—*almost* a boy?" said Mark.

"To-morrow night, then, I will tell you something of him; for it was for him that these pictures of houses were made. Now I see you are getting sleepy. Good night.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING Mr. Lee and his children, we will give, in a more continuous narrative, some sketches and glimpses of the life which a family, having become wealthy, sought and found in the country; expecting there the happiness and repose which the town could not yield. To those who read for novelty and excitement, these sketches will, beyond all question, prove dull and uneventful—taking their hue from the life which is common there.

Mr. Thomas Ellison, a gentleman who had passed the middle age—that uncertain period—; his daughter, Grace; his brother John, a bachelor not much his junior, be it softly spoken, and his nephew, Edward Lee, a sister's son, whose education and fortunes they had made their common charge, made up this family. They had all seen too much of the town to rest within its shadow at a suburban villa.

“Far away from it, where the rugged mountains rose behind the woody plain, where the broad river swept by in front; where could be seen the curling smokes of many a farm-house and village,—no grinding oppression there, no degrading hardship,—which the *fancy* could people with honesty and contentment; with frank children who should grow up honorable men—they made their home. Stupidity and meanness, which each one will find for himself too soon, made no clouds in the pictures; yet they tainted the air as well there as in the city.

“A fresh May morning called them from within; the birds sung sweetly—the blue-birds and the robins. The mists

were rising, and across the river came the ripple, which showed the coming breeze, welcome to the idle sails waiting in the still morning."

"And why," said Grace, "why should we not live in this house, Uncle Tom? I like it very much, it is so snug." She said this to her father, for it was thus that he was usually called.

"Snug! the devil!" said Uncle Tom, "I can't breathe in it—I'll build a large house—I'm getting fat, Grace. Elephants are not at ease in acorns."

"But why," said Grace, "can we not build you a wing? It does not seem to me good to leave so pleasant a place, to do what may not benefit us, and what may give our neighbors reason to find fault. But, father, say at least that you will let this one remain here."

"I do n't know—yes—no. What do you want it for?"

"Now Uncle John, and you, Ned, won't you be on my side?" said Grace.

"What shall we do?" said Uncle John.

"Say something; do n't leave all to me, a poor lone woman (as we are called); at least, Uncle John, you might give us a small discourse, showing how much better my plans are than Uncle Tom's.

"Well, listen. Let a man, if he can, build what *he* may think best, and not what he may suppose the world will be most taken with. Every good house, and every agreeable house, are improvements to a country—increase its sources of enjoyment. Every house should, therefore, combine these, the useful and the ornamental, that it may satisfy the wants of both body and mind—those, too, of a highly cultivated and sensible person, and not those of a brute. It is a question, to what extent a man may justly go, in an expenditure of time and money, to satisfy these

wants;—each must determine for himself. Certainly, in so changing and uncertain a country as this, it is wiser to keep below, rather than to go above, the just mean. No man is safe in building a house equal with his present means; the expenses of the one are likely to increase—the income from the other to diminish, and a large house *is not so respectable with a small revenue*, as the contrary, how much soever one may prefer it. It is safe to count the cost of your house at fifty per cent. more than your estimates; and it is not safe to undertake to build without the assistance of an architect; at least, of a man of taste, who has studied the subject. Although many of the forms and details in building are arbitrary—not based upon any known laws, as some vainly believe, there are some things which do, and some which do not, agree—which time and good taste have settled, and which the unpracticed hand will not at once properly combine.”

“And now, Uncle John, for the application,” said Grace.

“Your father wishes, and can well afford to have, a better and more beautiful house than this; and, as I think, without injury to the rights of his friends and neighbors; but it will not, I hope, be necessary to destroy this, which I agree with you is a pleasant and pretty house.”

“There, Uncle Tom,” said Grace, “Uncle John is on my side.”

“And on mine too,” said Uncle Tom. “But, John, here are some of our neighbors; I am glad to see them this fine morning.”

“So am I,” said Grace. “Now, Mr. Scranton, Mr. Ellery, what do you do you think about this house of ours? I want to keep it, and father wishes to build a new one. I know he will build one, but I wish to have him do very

wrong if he does, and very wrong indeed if he pulls this down."

"It is a much better house than was common among the Greeks," said Mr. Ellery.

"What in the world, Ellery, have the Greeks to do with Mr. Ellison's house?" asked Mr. Scranton. "What he wants—what you want, sir—is a good square house, with a hall in the middle, and two rooms on each side. That's the kind of house—every body ought to build that sort of house."

"The Greeks," said Mr. Ellery, "gave less attention to the habitations for man than their importance deserves. The majestic shaft, the sculptured frieze and pediment, told their history—a public, not a private one. Their temples were wonderful with beauty, not with brotherhood; there lives were glittering, but not lovely. The temples which grew out of christianity, and the mystic spirit of the German soul, told another story—of immortality and hope. We are not yet at the end. All the beauty of the Greeks, all the sublimity of the middle ages, the works of the past, are ours, for new combinations, new meanings, new purposes, which the shadowy future shall bring forth."

"Bless me, Ellery, how you do run on," said Mr. Scranton. "I am afraid of you when you get on your Pegasus; (that's what you call him, is n't it?) you go quite beyond my old pacer."

"It seems to me, there is too much nonsense about these matters now-a-days," said Uncle Tom. "I have even seen a Gothic hen-coop—that's one of the new adaptations—eh, Mr. Ellery?"

"The Greeks," began Mr. Ellery; while Uncle Tom continued, as he took out of an envelope a plan: "That's the house which I intend to build." (See Plate I.)

All gathered round to look at it, when Mr. Scranton, blowing a small whistle of surprise, said: "Bless me—for these parts, that will be rather too cost-ive."

"Really," said Grace, though her opinion was not asked; "Really, I like that, Uncle Tom; only don't pull this one down."

"The Greeks, sir, knew nothing of this, in their domestic architecture. If not faulty, it certainly is elegant."

"It must cost," said Uncle John, "toward twenty thousand dollars, if well and thoroughly carried out."

"Better think over my plan," said Mr. Scranton. "A hall through the middle with two rooms —"

"We open a quarry to-morrow," said Uncle Tom.

CHAPTER III.

And now appears another person, as necessary to this story, as he was to the neighborhood in which they lived: Jim Haskill—a half breed—half hunter—half fisherman—half worker at all things.

A few words of explanation may be desirable to the reader. Mr. John Ellison, (Uncle John,) and Ned Lee, his nephew, had spent several weeks in the neighborhood, at various times before Uncle Tom and his daughter, Grace, had, with them, made a decided settlement there. This Jim Haskill had been of great service in all the hunting and fishing: knew where horses could be had; knew all the by-roads, and short cuts over the mountains, and through the forests;—knew, in fine, what young men and idle men, and men who seek health, were willing to pay him for. In these loose occupations, he spent his days and nights;—occasionally giving some of his spare time to his daughter, Bessy, who lived with him half way up the low mountains.

While the discussion was going on about the house, Jim, as he was called, rode toward them a fine shaped sorrel horse, without saddle or bridle, except a piece of twisted bark. He had his gun slung on his shoulder; while his long hair covered his broad, bony shoulders.

Ned said to Uncle Tom, "Jim has stolen a nice looking nag this morning."

"More likely," said Uncle John, "he has been sent here to sell it."

"Hallo, Jim," cried Uncle Tom, "what is your horse worth?"

But Jim rode on towards the old barn-yard, which was a little removed from the house.

"Curse the fellow," he continued, "one would suppose he was a king."

"A man who has brought his wants to so small a compass as he has, is in some sort a monarch," said Uncle John. "But suppose you go and see about the horse, Ned; we all seem to like his looks."

So Ned went to the yard, where he found Haskill, busy in rubbing and polishing his horse, as though he was quite at home, and at leisure.

"What do you ask for your horse?" said Ned.

"I do n't ask anything."

"Yes—but you expect to sell him?"

"I never said so."

"What have you brought him here for?"

"I thought perhaps that you'd like to see him—he's a jolly nag!"

"Ride him down the yard, Jim."

"You may ride him, if you dare."

Ned smiled slightly, as boys do.

"Suppose I let Miss Grace ride him?" he replied.

Stepping close up to him, Jim whispered in his ear, "she can do it!"

"Will fifty dollars buy him?"

Jim started, as if to walk away, but said, "he's a good horse—fifty dollars wont touch a good horse!"

"But it will touch a good man," said Ned; "put on a bridle; will he leap?"

"Try him!" and Jim Haskill's eyes said yes.

The party in the piazza saw Ned flying across the broad

mowing lot, which spread away to the north of the house.

"Surely," said Uncle John, "the scatterbrain will not try the fence."

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Scranton, "it's ridiculous."

"By the lord, he's over," said Uncle Tom, as the horse rose handsomely at a five rail fence.

"The later Greeks," said Mr. Ellery, "knew nothing of such things. In the cultivation of the more æsthetic arts, they passed their time; and Pythagorus in his shades, or Diogenes in his tub—"

"Diogenes never saw anything finer," said Uncle Tom, as Ned again crossed the fence, and soon rode up at a long gallop,—horse and rider refreshed with the exercise.

"Ned," said Grace, "you must not do such things with a strange horse; remember I have nerves."

"I felt that he was true," said Ned, evidently vain of his horsemanship.

"Is he sound?" asked Uncle Tom, "good eyes, good feet, no splints, no long toes?"

They all stepped out to look at him—Grace with the rest, interested and fearless now.

"How much is he worth?" asked Uncle John.

"Seventy dollars," Ned replied.

"Buy him!" said Uncle Tom.

A slight chuckle might have been heard from the corner of the house, which betrayed Jim Haskill's presence; and Mr. Ellery, who talked by himself in the piazza, said, "our country pleasures are those of sense, more than of sensibility—material things overbear the spiritual—eating and sleeping soon become our only divisions of the hours."

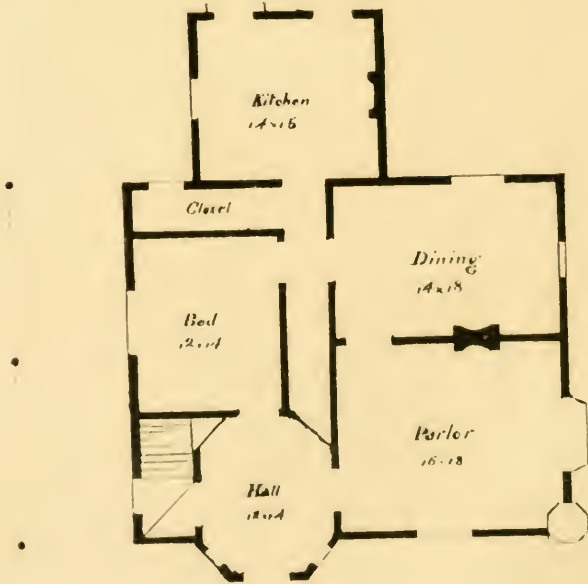
"Do n't you suppose," asked Grace, who overheard some part—"that there is a God for horses as well as lovers?"

Now, to show you that I have yet some sensibility, I beg that you will sit down in this fine spring morning, and tell me about the old man and his daughter, who used to live here."

"You'll give me a kiss for my pains?" he asked.

"Yes," said she, "but must it be of sense, or sensibility, —eh?"

"Both!"



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE II.

SCALE — SIXTEEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

This is a small house, suited to almost any situation. The points of the gables are cut off, after an old custom, which brings everything as snug and as little exposed as possible.

In the corner of the living room will be seen a place for bee-hives, separated from the room by a glass partition, which gives a view of their operations from within. Shutters should be provided for the outside to protect them from cold, heat, and storms. To a person fond of their management, this may be a source of satisfaction. In the winter they might be fed from within, and indeed be allowed to enter the room.

Stairs to the cellar under the other stairway, or from the kitchen.

Two chambers can be made in the roof.

Estimated cost, \$1400.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ELLERY began the story of

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

UPON the wall there yet hangs
A picture* of beautiful Youth and beautiful Age:
The one fresh and fair,
The other venerable and lovely.

Thus should it always be.
She blesses — she sheds o'er him, her father,
The bright and golden sunlight of youth;
She refreshes his age.

He loves her — he teaches her to live.
With the gently falling snows of age
He cools the impatience of youth.
He tunes the discords of her heart.

Why should age resist the frankness of youth,
'Till doubt becomes baneful — shedding poisons?
Remember that children are in your hand,
Suffer them to come to you, for of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven.

Glory, power, these are worthless, useless,
When they sacrifice one hope, one want of age.

Rather should youth, like the good genius of Araby,
Sustain the tottering step—carry, with it's angel wing, the
passing breath.

Grace interrupted Mr. Ellery to ask, if this was poetry?

“No,” he replied, “it is not easy now-a-days to say what is, and what is not, poetry; but certainly the breaking up and inverting of prose does not make it poetry.”

But now the old man awakens:

He feels the warm kiss upon his broad forehead;
Unmark'd by wrinkles: tell tales
Of care, of fruitless sorrows, of wasted hopes.

“I have dream'd,” he said, “dream'd,
Margery, of your mother, and her children,
In Heaven. How you led me by the hand
Into a world where I breathed music,
And inspiration; so when my eyes were open'd,
They were filled with visions of holiness and joy;
I saw the dear ones, their faces radiant with smiles;
And they knew me, embraced me,
And led me on by ways which were all glorious;
Yet how, I cannot tell; my eyes overran
With happiness. Yet you were not forgotten,
Margery. They knew you, had watch'd over you;
They gently drew you from my side,
For there, as on earth, you did not leave me.
And it is for you alone that I would live,—
It makes me lonely when I think
That I must leave you in this un pitying world.”

As her hand pass'd over his whiten'd hair,
She said, “while the angels protect me,
Nothing can harm; and when you die,
I shall live on, with trust in the good Providence.”

“But see, Margery, where William Allen
Comes to us; when I go, why should you not love him?”
A slight blush was startled into being,
Over the fair face of the girl,
As she shrank away—to hide that
Which no eye must see, no tongue speak,
No heart imagine; hardly her own,
In its holiest chambers.

They sat there, on either side of the old man;
Through the broad window they watch’d
The golden clouds; the long shadows;
Heard the faint chirp of the birds; for nature was
Sinking to its rest.

William Allen spoke to them of his hopes,
Of his purposes:—That among the defenders
Of their homes, he had rank’d himself—
The morning’s sun must see him on his way.

Full of hope, of confidence, of truth,
His words flash’d like chrystals in the rock;
All was beautiful, with rainbow dyes:
’T was the glittering foam upon the cup of life.

“’T is a sad business at best,” said the old man.
“In our most sacred war I have fought,
And once, breast to breast with my neighbor,
With my friend. As honest, as true as any.
From education—in instinct—what you will—
He preserved, defended the majesty of the law;
What to us, was revolution,
To him, was rebellion—offensive to God.

"As I march'd across the battle field,
 I fell — across his body, from which
 Flow'd the purple streams of life —
 His eyes were turn'd to earth:
 His thoughts — far from the strife
 Where anger, glory reign. A flash
 Of life pass'd over his death-stricken face:
 Mournfully he spoke — "Is this, then, our last embrace?
 To this, do we come? Oh, Richard — oh, my God!
 Protect my wife, my child!" I spoke some words;
 'T was too late. He laid his head upon the earth,
 And his soul pass'd sorrowfully away.

"It must be a great truth — a mighty good,
 Which will atone for the injustice — the wickedness —
 The woe of war. And now, my children,
 Leave me — I will dream again of heaven.

He laid him down, as they walk'd forth
 Into the starry night:—the moon, just shedding
 Her soften'd light across the broad fields.
 They pass'd through the pleached walks,
 Under the shadowy trees—in which the birds
 Built their nests. The sound of the sheep bell
 Might be heard; while the gentle wind
 Whisper'd to the fresh young leaves.

The incense of earth was rising to Heaven;
 On every side the fragrance of the honeysuckles,
 The violets, and the daffodils, was breathed
 Upon them. They pass'd on in silence.

But their thoughts? perhaps they were of love.
 He spoke of it—in words which are sacred;
 Of his hopes, of his fears—that she had been
 The light of his life; oh, that she would be

The star to which he might always turn.
She gave herself to the sweet influences;
Concealment had no home in her heart:
She laid her head on his shoulder,
And her breath mingled with his.

"I cannot leave my father," she said,
"He has shelter'd me; and now he is old.
I will comfort him. I will stay with him,
Give to him what I can of my own life.
I will hope for you—yes," she said,
As she look'd into his eyes, "will love you, it may be,
While I live." They parted that night
Not to meet again for years.

But the old man sleeps on—perhaps dreams.
Why does he not awaken? Still'd are the pulses
Of life—still'd the thoughts of his soul.
He dreams no more.

Margery took his hand, and for an instant
Knew the sinking of the heart.
But death—it was then beautiful.
Upon his face rested the last light of the sunset of peace.

She sat by his side through the soft footed hours,
And slept calmly there—together these two:
The lifeless form of love;
The lovely form of life.

But time marches on with ceaseless steps;
Through the warm valleys, up toward the rose color'd peaks—
Over the barren plains—the rough and thorny ways—
Through dark caverns—Time goes toward eternity.

So time marches with William Allen.
Flush'd with youth—wasting himself

With foolishness — falseness — impatiently
He hurries on with the reaper.

Does he forget Margery? the clear hearted.
She forgets not him. She knows his life:
And disappointment checks the current of her's,
Almost to the overflowing of it's shores.
But she has faith in herself; believes in the end.
She, too, marches on with time:
Through warm valleys — dark caverns;
But ever with a clear and steady light.

And not for herself alone. Oh, no!
Children and men — the young and the old —
See by her light — have no fears.
What magic is this? With what rod does she
Touch their souls?

'T is love. Faith, pure and simple.
Before it, self vanishes — as the sluggish mist
At the coming of the glorious sun.
It touches, and soul answers to soul.

With electric spark, the weak are made strong —
The poor, rich — the rich, good. The cold diamonds
Of the world are consumed:
'T is omnipotent to bless.

But there comes one, foot sore and weary:
William Allen, whom we knew; whom Margery loved.
Young, yet marked with age, he has been
On rugged ways, has stumbled, has fallen.

What, now, shall become of Margery?
Shall she forsake all? Cut with the fatal shears,
As it were, the threads of life
Which she weaves in her hand?

William Allen now must go backward—
Recover his youth:—No harvest, in this world,
Can be gathered in—only strength for another.
She can help him; but she must go forward.

Still she loves him? Surely, all that remains
Of William Allen she loves. How much
She might have loved him, who can tell!
Whoever says that love is blind, does greatly err:
And only young, does surely err.
True boy and man; childlike, yet wise is he.
With eagle eye and dove-like wing,
He passes over the souls of men.

So ends the story of Margery and William Allen.

“Why,” said Grace, as Mr. Ellery concluded, “it goes on as if it were out of a book. But where is Margery?”

“She lives near this,” replied Mr. Ellery, “and will be glad to see you.”

“I will surely visit her,” said Grace.

Uncle Tom rousing up said, under an impression that it was polite in him to take some notice of the story—

“I do n’t see that the running away of the horses helped the story along.”

“No,” said Grace, laughing; “we reached the end without them.”

CHAPTER V.

"YER dinner is ready, Miss Grace Ellison," said the new girl, through an opening in the door.

As the Ellisons proposed to live in the country, they had thought it best, as soon as possible, to get help there; and in the village near by, had found this girl, and a sort of cousin, who said he understood horses, farming, and in fact could do any thing. They also had but recently arrived there, from what was decidedly rural, where woods and wilderness were sweetly blended.

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Scranton, as he pulled out his large watch—"half past eleven!"

He looked inquiringly at Grace.

"How is this?" said Uncle Tom.

"Perceptible unsophistication," said Ned, "on the part of some members of this household—quite a child of nature, Grace seems to have met with—one of those sweet minglings of milk pails and rose bugs, of which we read, eh?"

"Ned will remain quiet," said Grace, "and the rest of you will continue your conversation, 'till I make a report."

She found a dinner, but it was a strange one, and strangely put on: the poor chickens lay untrussed, with wings extended, and legs aloft in helpless amazement. Two little dishes of boiled parsley flanked these—which Jemima afterward said she was ashamed of, 't was "so scimpy." The fish's tail, severed from his well stuffed body, lay in his mouth, like a sweet bait, instead of bending to it, as Grace had

ordered. Each knife stood erect, as a horse guard, in its piece of bread. There was an evident attempt at grandeur; but it only reached the remarkable. To laugh, or to scold, was the question. In all difficult cases, one must "compromise." Grace did so, by calling for Jemima, who had deserted the kitchen.

She answered, saying, "I was baptized Jemimy Jane."

"Well then, Jemimy Jane, what could have induced you to get dinner at this time of day?"

"Why—law!" she replied, evidently surprised and relieved of some anxiety respecting her cookery, "the sun's past the door crack, and we always had dinner then to our house; we did n't drag 'round slip-shod all day."

"Well," said Grace, who saw that she was active and meant well, "come in, and we will re-arrange things."

"I can't, before all them men. I must put on my other things—slick up a little."

Grace assured her that the men were not there—and that her other things would add nothing to the festive board. She proceeded to relieve the knives and forks from duty, and to dispose them more peacefully—to reform and right matters, generally. As a young housekeeper, she was startled at this unlooked for result, but determined to carry the war into the enemy's country—to laugh first—when Ned, putting his head into the door, inquired, with mock gravity—

"Is your breakfast nearly ready, Miss Ellison?"

At his appearance, Jemima darted away as if he were a dragon. She plainly had strange ideas about young men.

"If you will return to bed," Grace replied, "we will serve it to you, there, in oriental magnificence."

Having again recovered the skittish girl, she explained that her wish was to have had the tail of the fish brought to its head, so that it would lie in the dish.

"Law! you don't say?"

That the parsley was not to have been boiled.

"Well, now — who 'd have thought?"

Upon inquiring for the mustard, Jemima said that the "nasty stuff" had been washed away. But Grace having announced to the gentlemen, that they must make it a *dejeuner* instead of a dinner, it passed along, and furnished food for laughter as well as conversation. Uncle John took advantage of the occasion to mention a little supper, to which he had been invited with half a dozen others, by the painter, Wall. Upon opening the folding doors, Wall held up his hands, exclaiming —

"This is dreadful—I ordered my ducks to be roasted, and my lobster boiled, and it is just the other way!"

"Oh, that I had known that," said the cook, an Irish woman, "for I had the divil's own work to keep the ugly thing before the fire."

Jack, the black Newfoundland, sat by Grace's side; dinner, even at that early hour, was no joke to him. At every pause in the conversation he touched her arm with his rough hand, and looked away, as innocent as if it had been some other dog. Jack always dined well: to his mind it was of consequence. Not so, however, to Mr. Ellery, who helped himself freely to the parsley, that being most convenient to him.

Uncle Tom rose from the table and brought up from the cellar some sparkling wine. With great confidence, he said, as he proceeded to open a bottle —

"I have n't room here for much, but that is as good wine as ever passed your lips."

The cork popped out unexpectedly, striking him on the chin — a just retribution for such a speech.

"Within two years," said Uncle John. "better sparkling

wine will be made in this country, than the vineyards of Champagne can produce."

"Pooh, John," said Uncle Tom in reply—"In the cider cellars of New Jersey? Very fine, no doubt."

"No—on the banks of the Ohio I have tasted the issue of some experiments, and I know what will be the result."

"Well, now," said Mr. Seranton, as he set down his glass, "this is surprising."

Whether he meant Uncle John's statement, or Uncle Tom's wine, is not known, for Mr. Ellery proceeded to say—

"Among the Greeks, two varieties of entertainments prevailed. One, in which each man enjoyed himself at his own expense, in company with his friends; the other, where the whole expense was defrayed by one—and the latter was found so expensive that the law, limiting the number of guests to thirty, was found to be absolutely necessary."

"It is curious," said Uncle John, "how many of their customs have come down to us."

"This, however," continued Mr. Ellery, "was when Greece had advanced from barbarism into the full sun-light of art; when luxury was at its height;—then, at their feasts, couches were introduced, and the guests drank spiced wine as they lay."

Mr. Ellery raised his glass.

"We, alas," said Ned, "have changed that, and in too many cases lie as we drink."

"T was then, too," Mr. Ellery went on, "that the Rose, sacred to Cupid, the god of Secrecy, was placed upon the tables, intimating that what passed there was not to be exposed to the world; that privacy might promote that ease which is only the child of security."

"In other words," said Ned, "that, as we say, the sanc-

tity of private life might be preserved. And this, too, we have happily changed—the result of which is circumspection—the parent of many virtues, especially that of dignity!

“Then, too, were introduced those refinements of the cuisine, which made the feasts of Alcibiades the most remarkable that have ever been described; when melons, from Persia, melted on their golden dishes; when the fins of a fish, now believed by some commentators (though it is yet an unsettled question) to have been the turbot, swam in an oil extracted from the tail pieces of peacocks; when the hump of the camel took its place at the head of the board, as was not long since the case in some parts of Europe, with the head of the boar; when the tongues of squirrels (a variety now believed to be extinct), highly seasoned with spices from Arabia, gave vivacity to entertainments, compared with which those of our day—”

Mr. Ellery raised his glass, his throat being husky, when Ned said—

“You forget one dish introduced by him, much resembling our terrapins,—the fingers and ears of the little captives, taken in their wars with the Egyptians and Africans, which, prepared after a method of his own, were greatly relished, and excited as much surprise, when the ingredients were known, as that dish in front of Mr. Ellery would to Ude.

Mr. Ellery put down his glass, and looked anxiously at the parsley. Grace reassured him by saying, that it was only a new way which she and Jemima had introduced of cooking the vegetable.

“Well this is very fine,” said Mr. Scranton.

But whether he referred to the dish, or wine, was again a question.

"Grace," said Uncle Tom, finding an opening. "fill Mr. Ellery's glass; he sits next to you."

As she filled his glass, he said, looking into her face—

"The matchless Ganymede, divinely fair,
Whom heaven, enamored, snatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove."

"Well done, Ellery," said Mr. Scranton, bursting into a laugh, in which the rest joined. "it is well you are married—really it is surprising."

"Why well, that he 's married. Mr. Scranton? You forget that I am in the market," said Grace; "but as I am not ready to be snatched to upper air, I will leave you—hoping you will not, in your libations, altogether imitate the Greeks."

As she went out to give Jemima some help, Mr. Ellery commenced—

"The religious festivals of the Greeks, were, however, the most remarkable, as well as numerous. In the feasts of the Gods, described by Homer, we see Juno setting next to him, then Minerva, Apollo, Venus, Ceres, and the deities who presided over the attributes."

"We have changed all that," said Uncle John; "we do n't admit women."

"But it was to Bacchus," Mr. Ellery proceeded, "that highest honors were paid. Among the games which followed the sacrifices, was one of filling the skin of the goat, always sacrificed to Bacchus—"

"I wish the one who eat up my vines was sacrificed," interrupted Uncle Tom.

"With wine: it was closed tightly and placed upon the ground, and the one who, jumping upon it, could retain his

position upon the soft and shifting object, was the victor, and won the bottle as it was called."

"The jumping upon the bottle," said Uncle John, "is still retained in most of our feasts,—but the bottle itself is usually the 'victor.'"

"Over thirty thousand Gods," continued Mr. Ellery, "were entertained in Greece."

"I wish one was entertained in this country," said Uncle Tom.

"Gold!" Ned suggested.

"The Chinese wondered," said Mr. Scranton, "that the English did not hire people to do their dancing. I should certainly have hired a boy to do my worshipping. How many a day would it be through the year?"—taking out his pencil.

"Festivals were only instituted," explained Mr. Ellery, "for the Most Mighty. One celebration, at Delphi, comprehended the minor deities, which —"

"Was very well, if they comprehended it," said Uncle Tom.

"But it is curious to trace" (Mr. Ellery turned to Uncle Tom) "the gradual progress from fetichism to this polytheism of the Greeks; now concentrated in all parts of the civilized world into a monotheism, which taking different forms is molding all to its great type—its one idea."

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, as Mr. Ellery paused, taking up his glass again.

He went on.

"You can very well see that it was in the order of things, that polytheism should exist in the earlier times, not only in the theory of the Greeks, but in fact."

"How?" said Uncle Tom, a little nettled.

"That there is no incompatibility in the existence of these

deities personifying certain attributes, with a great ruling cause. Do n't you think so, sir?"

"I believe in one God," answered Uncle Tom.

"But one may admit the possibility of these manifestations, which were essential to the Greek mind. There is no difficulty in the way of such a belief."

"There is a much simpler one," Uncle Tom answered, "and one good God would have been better for them than forty thousand Bacchuses."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Ellery, "than forty thousand Bacchuses. You must admit that the making certain qualities prominent—deifying them—tended to develope these attributes, and gave rise to art, such as the world has never since seen?"

"I will not admit any such thing," said Uncle Tom; "for they forgot the one God, in their attributes."

Mr. Ellery, finding Uncle Tom was not open to reason, continued the subject in another direction.

"It seems to me that this tendency to centralization, concentration, is perceptible, not only in religion, but in every thing—from the individual to the family—then to the tribe—then the state—the city—the federation of the states—the empire—until, finally, we shall have but one state; one king; one people; one language; one God."

The conversation, as well as the dinner, had an end, if nothing more; and when Mr. Scranton and Mr. Ellery had given, the one his hearty, the other his mute adieus, Uncle Tom insinuated himself into the soft heart of the sofa—while, during the warm hours, the others addressed themselves to various occupations—Grace, strange as it may seem, to a history—a pictorial history of England.

She was old enough to find as much there as in poor stories. She loved Hampden—admired Cromwell—disliked

Mary, with her lovers and caps, and detested Henry, his cruelties, and his amours. Uncle John, after some time having passed, was startled from his drowse, by Grace asking—

“Why have you never married? Every Jack has his Jill?”

“I could n’t do it.”

“But seriously, Uncle John?”

“Seriously, I had the usual experience, and believed that this or that one was necessary to my happiness; but my caution always interfered in time, and my conscience would not permit me to marry a poor girl.”

Grace laughed out.

“Seriously, Grace, the girls whom I knew were brought up to expect the best position and the like—would have been unhappy without them. I should have been miserable, as the drudge who was to toil for these—as the father of children who must go through the same dissatisfied youth which fell to my lot. I could not and would not do it—nor will I advise any one else to do it.”

“What do you think of that, Ned?” asked Grace. “Are you ready to join this association of single blessed-ones?”

“I shall do what the rest of you do,” he replied—quite busy at his work, perhaps to hide a little added color.

“Not, Grace,” continued Uncle John, “that I have doubts of marriage. It is essential to the highest form of manhood and womanhood; but I think that, as to the numbers in each state, more true manliness and womanliness exists out of, than in it! These ill-judged connections are wicked and unfortunate to all concerned; and their results fill the world with weakness. A man has no more right to bring to suffering and degradation a wife and children than he has to lie.”

"What shall we all do, Uncle John?" asked Grace. "Why have you not joined the shakers?"

"You women are much to blame—you are too willing. Somewhere I have heard of a minister who, about to marry two persons in church, said: "Those who wish to be married will rise," when half the women got up in their places. And it is because they have nothing else to do, and are *fit* for nothing else—if for that."

For some time past they had heard the voice of Jemima, in anything but dulcet strains, singing out the stirring hymn which, commencing with—

"Where now is good old Moses?"

comes down through saints and heroes even to our time.

Uncle Tom was growing restive; but as the song increased in energy, he waked when it burst upon him—

"He went out through tribulation,
Safe to the promised land.
By-and-by we'll go and meet him,
By-and-by we'll go—"

"Zounds," said Uncle Tom, "go at once—go to the devil—anywhere but here!"

He was almost taken in the act, for the girl soon entered, and seated herself, knitting-work in hand, dressed in her best clothes. 'T was the way they did where she came from.

"Is John coming too?" asked Ned Lee.

"I rather guess not," she replied. But this was the first day of Jemima Jane.

CHAPTER VI.

GRACE, concluding to take some other occasion to explain matters to her, now proposed to the gentlemen that they should take a ride; perhaps to visit Margery, of whom Mr. Ellery had made his story, and who lived at a short distance. She rode her new horse, which she enjoyed exceedingly. 'T was plain that she was excited; perhaps a little proud of her own power over him.

"Of which do you think the most," asked Ned, who had not been able to engage her attention, "your horse or yourself?"

"Why, Ned, do n't be severe. I am always excited when I ride a good horse. I do n't know altogether why."

Ned, who had felt a little piqued, soon fell into her good humor, and they rode onward, until they were met and stopped by Mr. Derwent. He was a neighbor, who lived in the village—was a money making, and, as some thought, a managing lawyer. He had not been seen by either Grace or Ned, here; though for a long time, during his city visits, he had known the two elder men, and now showed great apparent satisfaction at the meeting. He spoke of the value of their residence; expressed fluently his pleasure at having them for neighbors; trusted they would be intimate; and, indeed, omitted nothing which it was polite to say. Grace listened quietly, thinking that possibly he over did it. With the swiftness of a woman, she began to doubt him. He mentioned that he expected his son home, his only

son, who would be proud to know them—whom he hoped she would receive among her admirers. No fault could be found with all this; but Ned now began to question his good taste. Among her admirers? Why should she take him? Hum!

They rode on, and soon reached the lane which led to Margery's small house. A troop of six or eight noisy little boys and girls were just coming out of her gate, and were too glad to open it for these strangers. Margery, herself, who was in sight, busied with her rake upon a little flower bed, did not see them until they were almost upon her. When she saw Uncle John, with whom she was acquainted, a fine smile broke over her smooth face, which the brown hair slightly shaded. She wore no bonnet, and it was clear that both sun and wind were friends to her. Quite a strong knife hung at her waist.

After the usual greetings, she said to Grace, "I am glad to see that you are willing to give etiquette a stab—that you do not wait for me to make a first visit."

"I trust," said Ned, looking at her knife, "that you do not require so powerful a weapon to trim etiquette down to civility and reason?"

"Oh no—my boys are always wanting a bow made, or a whip cut—and my trees and bushes need care. I have a kind of passion," she said, "for training and trimming."

"I am sorry for the boys," said Uncle John, "if you trim the trees first and them afterwards."

"They get only their share;" she said, laughingly, as she led the way, proposing that, in so fine an evening, they should keep out of doors.

"I will show you my bees; for I have more of a collection than when I was at home at your house."

I will not describe the house which she had made for

her pets. It was one of those combinations of mosses bark, and beauty, which can be made only by one who, having a love for such things, has cultivated it.

Unexpectedly to them all, at this early season, they found the clustering and humming, which clearly indicated that a swarming was contemplated, and at once, too. Margery called to one of her scholars, who yet lingered near them, to hasten with a hive. It came too late. By one of those remarkable accidents, the swarm fixed itself upon Grace's head. Ned rushed forward with an insane purpose, which Uncle John arrested; while Margery, in a decided voice, told her to remain perfectly quiet. She then fearlessly removed a portion of the bees, which contained their queen; they clung in masses to her hands, flew about her, settled and crawled over her, without stinging.

Grace then sank on the ground; yes, she fainted;—yes, the heroine of our country life fainted in this unromantic way; even before Ned was ready to sustain her head upon his heart. However, he did turn pale; he did lift her in his arms; while Uncle John did—what was much more to the purpose—bring some water, which revived her at once.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE III.

SCALE—SIXTEEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

This is a small house, which will be pleasing to a good many. With a rough and picturesque country it will be particularly in keeping.

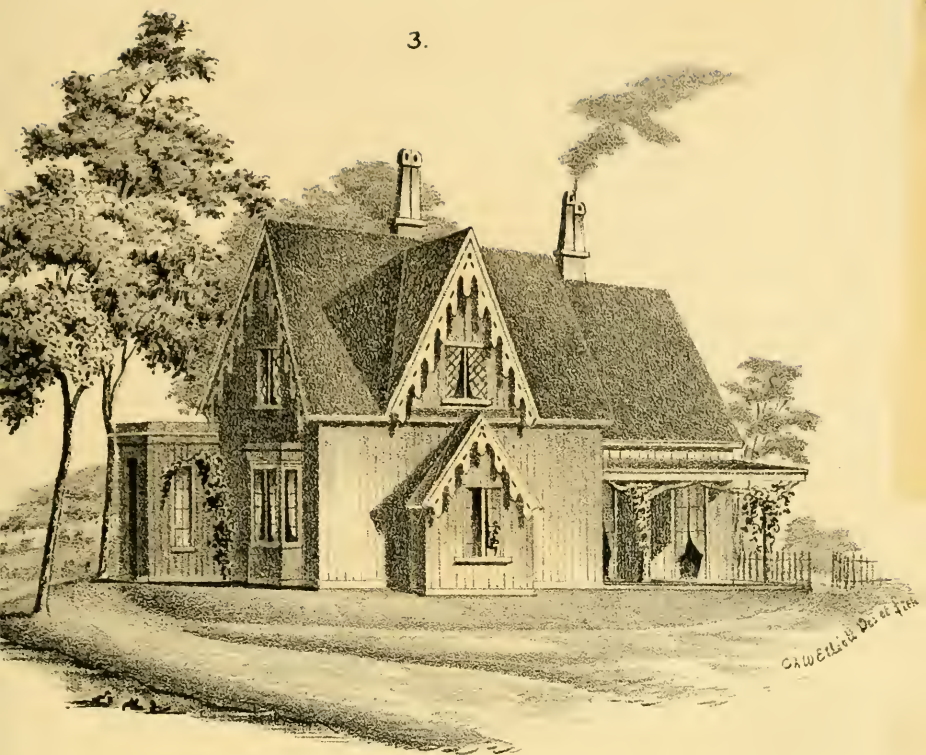
The piazza, on the side not shown, may be omitted, if it is an object to save expense. In such a case, the doors opening from the passage into it will be unnecessary.

The small recess or alcove, opening from the parlor, can be fitted with book-shelves in the end, and with cushions; and be divided from the room with a good curtain. (See one of Mr. Lang's cottages, near Boston.) To give more room, it might be finished in the same manner as the little porch—coming up with a square roof to near the eaves.

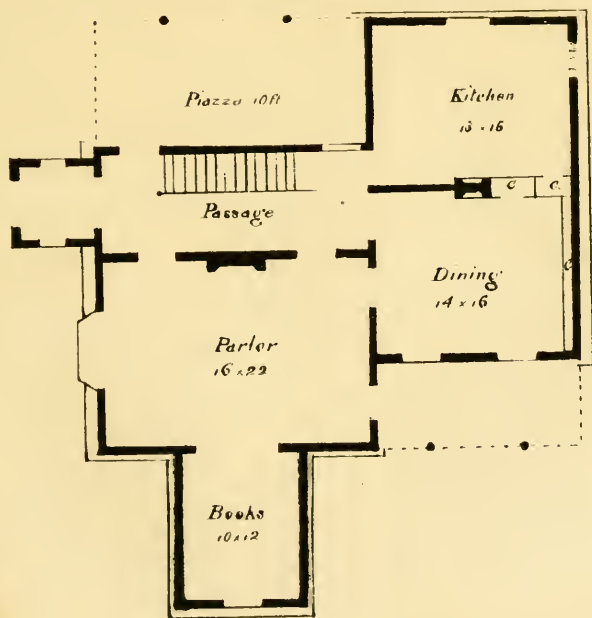
The back window of the parlor should open on to the little piazza.

Cheap estimate, \$1,000.

3.



Chas. E. Smith, Des Moines, Iowa



CHAPTER VII.

LAWYER DERWENT was evidently pleased with the Elli-sons—particularly, it seemed, with Uncle Tom.

“I like your manner,” he was in the habit of saying; “it has that bold frankness which first attracted me to General Jackson. Yes sir; if there is anything I like, it is frankness.”

Now perhaps Uncle Tom was a little vain of his ways; at any rate, Mr. Derwent was agreeable to him. Whenever Uncle Tom appeared in the village, the lawyer was sure to meet him, by the merest accident—“the most fortunate;” was sure to consult with him—to listen to him, with marked attention. If he differed with him, it was with great fairness, almost with a doubt; so that, in fact, Uncle Tom liked him.

Lawyer Derwent knew a great deal—of other men’s business. He knew where to find flaws in titles; how much property a man had; and what his investments yielded him. If not great, he was shrewd—was believed to know a good deal more than he did. He was powerful, because of this. Men did not feel exactly safe with him. He would not do for a house cat. Nobody could say anything against him. ’T was strange, perhaps, he was the only man in the neighborhood who was free from blame. He was one of the blindest of men.

“When my son returns,” he would say, “I trust we may strike up a little more intimacy and sociability among us?—not leave it all for us two old fellows to do. He’s

a wild dog—I may say he was one.”—Uncle Tom had once said, that he did n’t care for some of the extravagances of youth, so that they were fair and aboveboard—“But bold, sir—and not at all reckless. No sir—while in New Orleans, I learn he has been successful. Yes sir—we must try to get the young people together to enliven us.”

He did return; and if not bold, he was brisk. However, he was a mean dog—that was the dog he was; and not a “bold dog” at all. This is perhaps prejudicing the reader; for many people thought him a smart and desirable young man.

Lawyer Derwent, at times, introduced politics, which interested every one. Uncle Tom, by no means a partizan, was, as usual, quite positive.

“In a new country like this,” he would say, “the less bolstering and forcing the better. Let things take their own time, and grow up naturally and healthily. To rival England! what in God’s name do we wish to do that for?”

“Just my views, sir,” Mr. Derwent would say.

“Why there,” Uncle Tom would continue, “you can’t modify the corn laws, to relieve the misery of one part, but what you have another part tumbling about your ears. Let sugar come in and Jamaica is ruined—Yankee flour, and Canada bolts!”

“You are just the man for us,” says Mr. Derwent, “sound, and matter of fact. Mr. Ellison you must come out among us. The country needs just such views to be laid before it.”

“Pooh!” exclaims Uncle Tom. “Old Tom Ellison would make a fine politician! With my stock of rule o’-thumb knowledge, I should go in as a wise law maker!”

“Better than any lawyer of us all,” Mr. Derwent would reply. Perhaps it was an involuntary truth.

But from day to day the idea, assisted by lawyer Derwent, took stronger possession of Uncle Tom's mind, that he might be of service to the country. What if he should run as the member? However, it hardly took shape, while he remained occupied with the novelty of quarrying and building.

Mr. Derwent had been for a long time laying a foundation for his own future elevation! but with his usual unselfishness, he was willing to relinquish it to his friend, if—he had any other purpose to accomplish by so doing.

Meanwhile his son returned: Harry Derwent's advent, of course, made the usual sensation in a country neighborhood. On the first Sunday of his appearance, many a girl thought him a marriageable young man: very natural, surely. Grace Ellison was not at church, and therefore was less interested in the matter than she might have been. It must be said, that Harry, with a wonderful perception, natural or gained, attended the smaller Episcopal church, rather than the Methodist, which his father and mother frequented:—perhaps the former was the more fashionable? *Fashionable!*

CHAPTER VIII.

GRACE sat by her window in one of the soft,¹ moonlight evenings, in a half sad, half pleasing reverie. As the south-west wind swept across the river and fields, it came laden with the spicy breath of the tree flowers, the hum of the newly born insects, and the fitful sounds of the wind instruments from the military station, which was but a few miles from them.

These harmonized with her present thoughts, which may have been upon the "great problem" at which so many are busy at present: "What am I here for?" She also was not content to be; but she must know why—for what reason? She should have applied to Mr. Loudon, who was able, or said he was, to give a reason for every thing he did (in his profession—at five guineas per day).

Now it will not be necessary to tell what she was made for, although it would be easy enough. In this transition state all wish for action, of mind and body: to be a man, then—to be great or rich, or tall or fat—something more than one's neighbors. Perhaps Grace Ellison had no wish for either of these; but had some unsatisfied wish, which after a time made her restless, so that she walked out upon the bank which bordered the river, and found the motion agreeable.

Unconsciously her eye followed a small boat which crossed the broad tract of moonlight and shot in under the

bank. A pleasant voice, which at first seemed known to her, sang the following song:—

I.

Come gather me rose-buds—pluck the fresh flowers—
Gather the fragrance from the garden bowers;
And with them a beautiful wreath I'll twine,
For the maid who has stolen this heart of mine.

II.

I love her high soul,
No deceit my love knows;
'T is seen in the leaves
Of this blushing red rose;
'T is pure as the drop
In the lilly's white bell,
And bright to the last
As the gay Asphodel.

III.

The blush of the rose bud, the violet's dye,
The scent of the lilly, they vanish or die;
But the fragrance of true love, the bloom of the heart,
Grow purer and fairer, and never depart.

IV.

The sunrise of youth,
Is rosy and gay.
A delicate halo
Softens each rock and spray;
Beware of the vision
Which then meets the sight:
The halo will vanish
In the clear coming light.

"Ned!" said she, as the song ceased, "is that you?"

"Yes!" said a voice close beside her, at which she started in some surprise.

"Why Ned, I half thought that it was you who were in the boat."

"If it had been me," he said, "I am afraid you would not have listened so closely. No; as it happened, I saw you as I was walking. If I should sing to-night, it would not be of that kind."

"What, Ned, are you in the doldrums? My soul, too, was a little dark—so suppose we raise one another," she said, passing her arm through his; "but who do you suppose that was who sang?"

"I do n't know, or care," he replied, rather pettishly.

"Let my name be blighted," said Grace, withdrawing her arm; "but let us march together, if at all. What ails the child? Perhaps you will be bettered if I sing to you a little song, which I have just learned."

S O N G .

I.

"When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, so soft ye flow,
Not softer o'er the western wave,
The golden lines of sunset glow.

II.

"There all—by chance or fate removed—
Like spirits, crowd upon the eye;
The few we liked—the one we loved.
And the whole heart is Memory

III.

"This life is like a fading flower,
It's beauty dying as we gaze,
Yet as the shadows round us lower,
Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.

IV.

"When morning sheds it's gorgeous dye,
The hopes, the heart, to earth are given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
Which turns not, at it's eve, to Heaven."—CROLEY.

Ned took her hand and replaced it within his arm.

"Grace," he said, "you are a nice girl, and I am—not what I should be, ever to forget it. Now who this singer is? perhaps one of the officers who has been overcome by your beauty?"

"Really, this is very handsome, Ned; but I think this was not one of them. I have heard, at least, of their accomplishments."

"From themselves? May be young Derwent, who has just returned?" said Ned, with a little doubt.

"Perhaps so," said she; "but we will leave this. Now, why are you savage, to-night?"

"I hardly know, myself," Ned replied. "I feel myself an unnecessary appendage to this life of ours. I am quite good for nothing—fit for nothing—and that it is not I alone who suspects this."

"Is it nothing, Ned, that Uncle Tom depends upon you in various ways—that Uncle John spends his time in reading and talking with you—that I depend upon you in all my little difficulties—that you teach me to draw, to ride, to study. Are these nothing?"

"No—these are something; but I get nowhere—I arrive at nothing."

"All in good time, Ned," she said. "Do n't neglect these, in looking out for something which is no better, and which will be just as tasteless in the mouth."

"Yes," said Ned; "but I am fit for nothing. Trade I detest—the liberal professions I could not take hold of, if I would. Where shall I go? Every man needs some occupation in order to get his faculties into use, to feel his own strength."

"Do not be impatient—it is the vice of the day. Art and agriculture are always open."

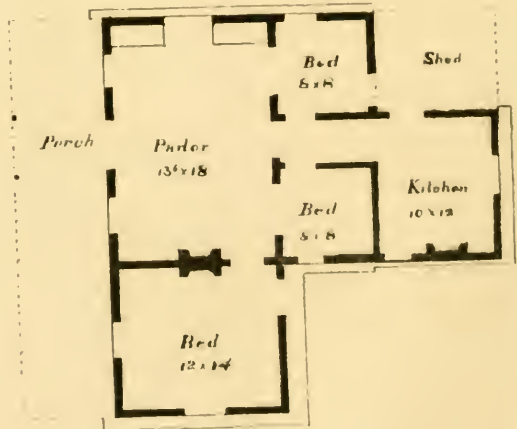
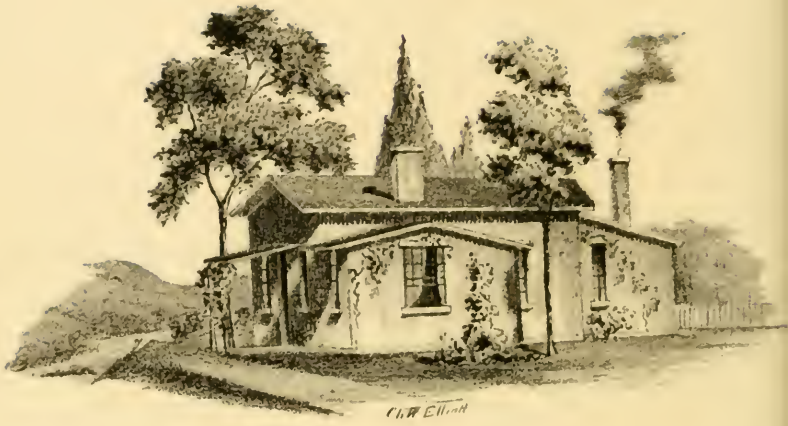
"In the one," he said, "I may drag on over the level ways of mediocrity; in the other, stupify myself in raising what I eat, and eating what I raise!"

"Well Ned," said Grace, as they reached the house, "sleep will do you good. To-morrow's sun will clear away some of these unhealthy vapors. Good night!"

When she reached her room, she heard from the opposite bank of the river the breathings of the flutes through her open window. She knew the sounds were from Mrs. Schuyler's little box (see Plate No. IV); where in the summer months she passed her time; her children growing in all ways. At the end of each week her husband hastened away from his city pursuits; often with a friend, as in this case; and refreshed himself in health and heart for the coming week.

"Why could not Ned do so?" Grace thought; "such a life is certainly pleasant—yes, delightful, for the woman."

And this led her on to a train of thought, which possibly resulted in this, which she said half aloud—"Women do sometimes have the best of it, though they will not often think so."



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE IV.

This is a small and cheap house, to be built of wood: the main body of the house, containing the large room and the sleeping closets, being twenty-one by twenty-two and a half feet. In the parlor I have indicated two closets at the end opposite the fire-place; if these are not made, it would leave the room twenty feet long. The kitchen is built on, with a shed roof which runs across the back of the house. The small wing may be omitted if there is no use for it. But in case of sickness, the fire-place would make it very convenient, if not necessary. At the back is a glass door, which may be made into a window, or a close door, if preferred.

The small sleeping closets are large enough to hold a bed and wash-stand. They may open into the large room with a doubling door, or may be permanently closed from it. The one next the kitchen, if used for a servant, should have the door opening into *it*, rather than into the passage.

The platform in front is shaded by a roof of eight feet. If desirable it might be extended the whole front.

Rough estimate, \$575.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning Grace was busying herself about her household matters, with her Jemima, who was rapidly becoming initiated into the mysteries of civilization. She stepped into the little porch about ten o'clock, in her morning dress, where she found Jim Haskill sitting on the step, with his gun, and a beautiful little cocking spaniel, which he was instructing in the art of fetching a glove.

"Ah! Miss Grace," he said, "I like to see you, in the mornings, with those nice little French dresses—they are French, they say? If your governor gits into politics, he'll soon put a stop to anything but home manufacter."

"Laws and bayonets are good for nothing against us women, Jim."

"Would you go ag'in law now?" he asked; "Well, I like that. When I see a good plump partridge, its ag'in the grain to let him off, and its ag'in the law to shoot him."

"Which do you follow?" she asked.

"If it's the right season," said Jim, with a non-committalism worthy of a great man, "I shoot; and if it's the wrong one, I do n't."

"But you know that, as well as the law?"

"Jest so," said Jim, quite pleased with her intelligence.

Grace took the opportunity to say, "Uncle Tom do n't like to have you shoot his birds."

"*His* birds!" said Jim, turning upon her, "are they *his* birds, when they fly down out of the air, or from the mountains, upon this patch of land which he's got a fence

around? That wont do. I reckon they 're God's birds any way while they fly, and mine when I can shoot 'em."

"But, Jim, you will remember that it may be disagreeable to him to have people shooting about where he is?"

Jim softened a little, as he said, "that 's true enough; but when a man comes into a place, who is called rich, we are on the look out, that he do n't git the upper hand of us. We hope to git more from him than he can from us. He ought to keep quiet under the bush, and not ask for much till we get used to him; and find out if he 's honest — eh?"

Grace, thinking it best to let this rest, admired Jim's dog, which was a beauty.

"I can 't let you have Jule;" he said, "but one of her pups I 'll bring you by and by. I love Jule, and Bessie loves her too."

"Who is Bessie?" Grace asked.

Jim's face slightly changed, as he said, "she lives with me up the mountain. I 'm not alone. She is a good girl, and loves me: but, Miss Grace, she 's not quite right here," touching his head; "she knows the fairies. She 's, let me see, she 's now sixteen years old, come July."

Jim saw at a distance a horseman coming up the road, and hastily rummaged in his cap for a note, which he gave to Grace. It went thus:

Mr. H. Derwent will do himself the pleasure of calling upon Miss Ellison, to-morrow.

"When did you get this?" she said.

"Yesterday—and there he comes right on the trail of it—lightning after the thunder. A goose's liver in a fox's skin," he muttered.

As he came nearer, his horse advanced with that peculiar sideling gait which, in the estimation of some persons, is graceful, in that of others ridiculous. Jim's observation was,—

"He sees an angel in the way, like Baalam's ass, and straddles it—eh? But Miss Grace, aint you going to run away, and slick your hair."

"No," said she, "it's not best to be too captivating at first."

The rider dismounted under the shade of a tree—calling, "here sir, hold my horse!"

"Certainly," said Jim, walking leisurely, "certainly;—but he do n't seem to want very much holdin' (jerking the bridle); you've let out what little there was to hold, with your spurs."

"Why Jim I did n't know you at first. You see my eyes are rather close."

"As wide as mine," he said, looking at them.

"Well—well, take care of the horse?" He then walked to the porch, and expecting, of course, that a *young lady* would be careful of her complexion, he asked of Grace, "If Miss Ellison was at home?" Then, "If he could see her?"

"I am she," Grace answered.

"Oh! ah! beg pardon. Mr. Derwent's my name. My father wished me to ride over and make your acquaintance; but really I needed nothing but my own inclination to induce me to perform so pleasant a duty."

As he had at first supposed her to be a servant girl, Grace thought this was very well. He proceeded through some of the common places, to the more abstruse matters, of life.

"But tell me, Miss Ellison, do n't you find it inexpressibly dull, here? No balls, no parties, no theaters. Now,

I am passionately fond of those things. My father wishes me to live here, but I can't do it; I have tried in vain."

"You should not sacrifice yourself," said she, with a smile, "at your age, and with your advantages."

He bowed.

"So I told him. I told him that this was no place for a young man. The world is the true theater of action."

"The country's only fit for cows and poetry," said Grace.

His stock of "conversation" was wonderful and ready. He went on without paying much attention to what she said.

"I hope you are fond of poetry? Byron and Moore are exquisite. It seems to me that I am in another state of existence. All these low and sublunary things vanish, when the mind is filled with the nobler sentiments."

"Did you never think of turning your attention to the church?" asked Grace.

"Ah! I fear, Miss Ellison, you do not understand me. Between poetry and music, it seems to me, I could forever spend my days."

"Do you sing, yourself?" she asked.

"I sometimes throw off some little thing about the flowers, or the affections, just to while away an idle hour."

Grace expressed some sympathy for the poor things, and thought that this would possibly explain the song of the night before. She was amused at his reliance—at his glibness. What an art it is—and so easily cultivated! Glibness and effrontery are more than a match for wit, for present use—but do not keep so well in all seasons. At a pause in the conversation, Grace called his attention to Jim Haskell, who, having stripped the horse of

his saddle, was riding him with a strong switch, at a fence, which he refused to leap.

"Damn the fellow," said Mr. Derwent, in his surprise; "he 'll, kill the horse!" And there was danger, if the horse had risen and balked, of his ruining himself and Jim too.

Derwent tripped and skipped along in the best way he could, with his straps, tight waistcoat, and good manners, to prevent such a catastrophe; which, if poetical, certainly would not have been profitable; as the horse belonged to his father, who had the exalted opinion of him which is common to the owners of these animals.

"Stop, Jim—you scoundrel—stop!"

"What's the matter?" said he, in reply, pretending some surprise. "Do you want to try him yourself? You'd better not—he can't do it."

"Do it? A pretty lather you've got the old man's horse into. You ought to be tarred and feathered!"

"We don't fix men in that way, here," said Jim, with an emphasis, as he got off the horse, which Derwent perhaps understood. "I would n't hurt your horse."

"But what shall I do?" Derwent asked. "I can't take him home in this way?"

"I'll clean him off for you," said Jim, "for a dollar, and walk him, and breathe him. It'll do him good. He wont go slab-sided ag'in, I'll warrant."

Derwent, as he returned to finish his call, muttered to himself, "I'll pay him for this!" But he talked up his loose stuff, and came again the next day, much to Ned's annoyance and to Grace's entertainment. She could laugh at him with Uncle John and Ned; though she never left them quite certain as to her real opinion.

Uncle Tom would hear nothing disparaging respecting him, while with the elder Derwent his acquaintance and

intimacy increased. Upon the pretense of wishing to invest, he had made the acquaintance of Uncle Tom's confidential agent in the city. Perhaps this was the true reason; but he was a man who had many ways—many agents. Uncle John was getting to be interested in the politics of the county, and with Derwent he often conferred. As for Uncle John, he had some plans in his head which took him quite frequently to a little manufacturing village in the neighborhood; while Ned was busied, among other things, in pruning and training—in examining the points of Durhams, and the heads of pigs. Without balls, parties, or theaters, the days were got through with.

CHAPTER X.

BUT Ned, being a young man, had fits of depression and moodiness, followed by those of the contrary character. He would say: "Why is it that people do not go crazy? An out and out crazy man would be a comfort, among the fools and scoundrels with which the world is filled." He needed not to have said it so forcibly; for, there were just about him, Uncle Tom and Uncle John, Mr. Ellery and Mr. Scranton, or Scrans, as Jim Haskell called him—none of whom were either knaves or fools; but one swallow *does* make a summer sometimes. Ned, at these times, had no confidence in himself, in the world, or in his friends. Even Grace's company he shunned. He had decided over and over again to talk with Uncle John; but as often hesitated; for what did he wish to do or to say?

He left his walk upon the little piazza as the lawyer Derwent, rode up, who was soon engaged in close conversation with Uncle Tom.

"I have spoken," he said, "to some of our most influential men, and they are satisfied, I think, that we can unite with greater strength upon a new man—one who combines position in the community, with decision and right principles. There never was a better opportunity for a man to be of service to the state" (to another man he might, no doubt, have said, "signalize himself"), "than the present. We are on the eve of great movements."

"We are on the eve," said Uncle Tom. "of trouble.

I fear—out of politics. When wheat is at a dollar and a half a bushel, and money at three per cent. a month, it is time to look for storms. It is unnatural, and must come to a head.”

“It is a time,” said Mr. Derwent, “when cool heads and honest hearts are needed in places of trust; and it is a man’s duty, sir,—yes, he has no right to refuse to sacrifice the public interest to his own.”

“I have no political knowledge beside what has come in the way of experience,” replied Uncle Tom, not in quite so abasing terms as before; “but I was one of the few mercantile men who did not believe that it was vital for us to have a controlling bank; or that we should not grow without high tariffs and protections. The forcing policy, the stimulating policy, have developed the country and degraded the people. Depend upon it, sir, the forced growth is not good—is not healthy; it never was—it never will be!” said Uncle Tom, striking the table with his fist.

Cool heads! with an emphasis. “Those,” said Mr. Derwent, “are just the views which I wish to see you put forward; views which I have long entertained! But there is another subject upon which I wish to speak with you,” he said, hesitating.

“Well—go on—do n’t put it off—there is no time like the present.”

“It is about my son, Harry—”

“Not in trouble, I hope?” said Uncle Tom.

“Oh, no—far from that, I trust. But he has come home greatly improved—greatly benefited by his intercourse with mankind; (we shall see.) I am naturally anxious to see him settled and prosperous in life. I can perceive, to come directly to the point, that he has a great liking to Miss Grace, whom, I must say, I greatly love; and would be

proud that she might bind us closer together, if it be possible, than we now are; but"—seeing Uncle Tom was a little fidgety—"I merely suggest this now, and have no other purpose."

"Things must take their own course," said Uncle Tom. "I'll not interfere in such matters, except under great necessity."

"You would not object, I believe," said Mr. Derwent, "if they should mutually come to this determination of themselves?"

"I know nothing against the young man," said Uncle Tom, who was fond and proud of Grace, "and her wish would go a great way with me; but I'll not meddle."

As Mr. Ellery and Mr. Scranton now came up, Mr. Derwent left, saying, that he should on the morrow leave for the city, and would be happy to be of service, &c. The gentlemen then walked over to the site of the new house, where their conversation naturally turned on building. Mr. Scranton and Mr. Ellery, having both built houses, felt ready and willing to give the result of their experience.

"The man who builds a house," said Mr. Ellery, "builds it for all the world. If it is disagreeable, I am hurt by it; if beautiful, I am pleased. Architecture, if not the highest art, is a universal one. The good influences of neatness, order, beauty—yes, and virtue, are extended as much by it, as by some preaching."

"Well," said Mr. Scranton, "that's a new view. I did not think of it; but some years ago, a man came into the town where I lived, and set about painting and brushing up, and all followed his lead; and men, who had been worthless, began to save their wages for the purpose. But let me tell you, Ellison, of some things which you ought to see to:

"Have a good *bin* in the cellar, for fuel, with a window opening into it from the outside."

"What's that for?" suggested Uncle Tom's man, John, in a low voice, as he rested on his spade.

"A *good, large closet*, too, for wine; and so on."

"Here 's trouble right off—look not on the wine when 't is red!" muttered John.

"A *good oven* built into the chimney—and large *flues* to carry off the smoke, twelve by twelve inches, and not contracted as they go up—be careful of that!

"Have the two upper courses of the cellar wall laid in water cement, to keep the damp from rising.

"Good stone is the best," reflected John.

"An open flue in the chimney, to carry out dampness from the cellar.

"Do n't make your ceilings over thirteen feet high—twelve feet is enough, even for large rooms.

"Make one large window rather than two small ones.

"Provide for the ventilation of the garret, or space above the chambers, or they will necessarily be hot."

"Let me add a word," said Uncle John. "Do n't paint the walls, inside or out, *white*.* It is painful to the eyes, and uneconomical. Do n't try to make a wooden house look like a stone one.

"Do n't paint doors in imitation of mahogany, but of the same tone as the walls, a little darkened.

"If your kitchen is in the basement, provide a sliding closet.

"And above all, employ honorable builders, if you can find them, for the others will cheat you; and even with the best, specify every thing you can think of in your

* See "Downing's Cottage Residences," for shades.

contracts, and don't leave any thing to be done in 'a workman-like manner.' "

"How can one build a good ice-house in this clay sub-soil?" asked Uncle Tom.

Mr. Scranton proceeded to make plans and diagrams upon the ground, for the following description:

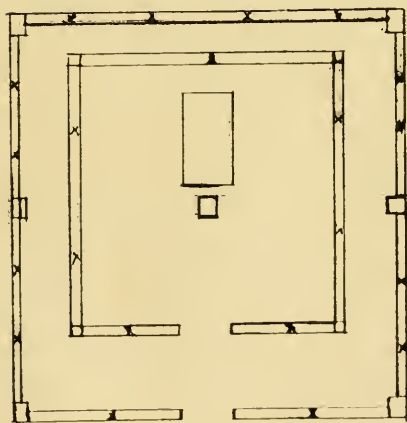
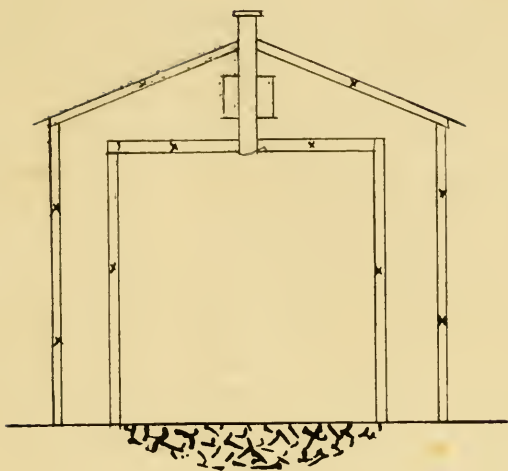
For an ice-house — take this receipt —

"Dig into the north side of a bank, if you have one convenient — at any rate, where it is sheltered from the sun — say fifteen feet square each way. Plank up the four sides strongly, and lay a good two inch oak plank floor, letting it slope a little outwards, and leaving a doorway on the side which is not against the earth. In this inclosure build an ice-house, of inch boards nailed on to the two sides of six inch joists, filling up the space with tan. Between this wall and the outer one of plank leave a space of two feet on the sides, three feet on the front where the door is, and one on the back. This will be an air chamber, will protect the ice, and will be a most excellent place to stand some butter, or wine. Be always careful to keep the door shut and locked. In the bottom, it is well to lay a course of broken stones, so that the drainage will be perfect. In the roof you will, also, leave a door, through which you fill the house; and also a tube, so that over-charged air can escape. If, when the ice is put in, each layer, after being broken, is sprinkled with salt-water, it is said to preserve it greatly. I have never tried it.

"Remember that the inner house should be perfectly isolated on five sides. Such a house can be put up for thirty or forty dollars, and will last a life time."

"Iee," said Mr. Ellery, "does not seem to have been

10E HOUSE
p 54



x TAN

known among the Greeks; and is one of the fine improvements which show an advance which, if slow, is still a progress —”

“Towards a colder latitude,” said Uncle John.

Mr. Ellery seemed suspended between the curious democracy of Greece, which lay behind, and the reign of universal brotherhood, which lay before; so that often, as Ned said, he dwelt in the great realm of No-where.

“In the investigations which have been made as to their domestic life, many vases have been found which seem to have been appropriate for the cooling of wines by evaporation, and for nothing else.”

“Very true,” said Ned; “and it is a little strange that men go into extravagances over old pots which, if made now, would not certainly be placed in the parlor if allowed in the kitchen.”

“Many of their vessels,” continued Mr. Ellery, “were exceedingly elaborate and beautiful; and for the bath a great variety of elegant forms have been discovered. We might take example from them in this particular.”

“Except,” said Mr. Scranton, “that we do n’t have time for all these things. It ’s very well to be all day washing and dressing, and trimming and fussing, over one’s poor body, if there is no business to be done.”

“But if there be,” said Ned, “the dirtier the better—a man then is not afraid to take hold; is that it?”

“Exactly so,” replied Mr. Scranton.

“But, about bathing?” inquired Uncle John, “that is indispensable.”

“For that I have a boiler behind the kitchen chimney.”

“That ’s all nonsense,” said Uncle Tom’s man, John, who had curiously listened to all which had been said—
“when you have a nice river close tu.”

"It is desirable in winter," said Uncle John.

"I should think a pail would do. We never had any thing else where I come from—and we was healthy enough."

"Mind your work, John," said Uncle Tom.

"Yes, sir, I will. There, the old women never died—they kind o' dried up—and then we used to hang 'em up with the horse tails and pumpkin skins, and they never dript the least bit. I knew a house—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Uncle Tom, whose "cool head" was somewhat excitable, and who had tried in vain to keep John's tongue in order.

"I only spoke," said John, who proceeded with his account of the house to Ned, after the others had walked on; out of which Ned framed a sketch, for Grace's entertainment.

CHAPTER XI.

LET us postpone Ned's story for a few moments, to glance a little at Mr. Derwent's movements. He left the house, after his conversation with Uncle Tom, a little less confident than he wished to have been as to his son's success with Grace; but pretty sure that her father would not, at least, oppose him. With the restlessness of an ambitious and intriguing mind, he reached out in all directions, and had, through the assistance of Wainwright, Uncle Tom's confidential agent, waded, cautiously and carefully, ankle deep, into the great dismal swamp of stock speculation, where bulls and bears trample and toss to their hearts' content. We see him, now, proceeding carefully down the street;—its flags worn and thin, with footsteps of the pilgrims to the golden shrine—or, as it might then have been called, the "paper shrine";—watchfully—carefully—he sees all—notes all. No man of wealth—none of name—whom he recognizes, but receives from him due respect.

In his small room, he ferrets out Wainwright—the man of trust, whose labors were for others' good. A living, for a long time, had satisfied him; and this was secure, to the man who could hold safely the names and wealth of rich men in his hand—Uncle Tom's, with others. 'T was rather before the hurry of business hours, and Wainwright closed the book of his private accounts when Derwent entered.

"Well," asked Mr. Derwent, "what is going on in the street?—anything new?"

"Nothing strange. I sold your Harlem yesterday, for—eighty seven:—" Mr. Derwent's eyes twinkled, the least possible. "A pretty good operation?—"

"Yes. So, so," Mr. Derwent replied, with his calm and wiry manner. "What's in the market now?" He had been successful,—had made his thousand without working for it. Good! let's try again;—the appetite increases! Sharks can be led on, to swallow hot cannon balls!

Wainwright hesitated for an instant; perhaps to run over the best chances for his client. He turned his chair a little towards him: "We are to have—there will be," correcting himself, "a corner in Morrison Railroad. If you buy at sixty days, it is a sure card."

Mr. Derwent talked it over more fully;—did not decide upon it then,—would determine hereafter. But he was shrewd and suspicious. "We are to have?" "Is that it, Wainwright?" "Have you, too, waded in?" were, perhaps, the questions which suggested themselves.

But why should he not wade in? Why should Wainwright all his life drudge for others? He saw fortunes made daily—made them himself; but for other men. He had always been an honorable man; he would not now, for the chances of being rich,—he certainly would not risk his good name?—would not, in any way, betray the trusts which for so long a time had been confided to him?

Derwent did buy the Morrison; but not through Wainwright. He satisfied himself that what he had told him was true; and he also satisfied himself that he was one of the bulls;—that he surely was wading into the dismal swamp.

CHAPTER XII.

UNCLE TOM tried to read his journal in the evening. Notwithstanding the occasional annoyances from the moths, who would singe their wings in his candle, and the beetles, whose drone ceased as they came to rest on the few locks which yet remained to him, he read on. But, fatigued as he was with a hot summer's day, he dozed and nodded until the rattle of his spectacles upon the candle-stick recalled him to his repast. He read on again with assiduity, while Uncle John, with equal patience, smoked his cigar.

Grace and Ned sat under one of the trees, because it was pleasanter. Every one has remarked, how soon formality is dropped when once out of doors, with only the sky above, and the green earth beneath. Grace drew her shawl more closely around her, for the sea breeze had now reached them, as Ned related the story of

THE DOUBLE.

Young Tomlinson—James Tomlinson—had landed at New York, after having been in service under Hull, in the last war. His father lived on the Sound, near Stratford, and was one of the gentlemen and “scholars” of the day. He had for some time expected this visit from his son, who, having a short leave of absence, was now hastening toward his home. Having two suits of clothes, which probably is not often the case with naval and military persons, he had

chosen to walk up to the stage office, which was then in the old "Walton House," in the dress of a gentleman.

"Dam' me, but I am glad to see you, Frankfort," said a finely made young man. "Where have you kept yourself?"

He was of course surprised at this, from a stranger, but explained the mistake and walked on, noticing that he was looked at rather more closely by the passers, than he thought the circumstances would warrant; so that he examined his clothes again, to see if there was any thing strange about him. However, he placed his name on the book for the coach, which, running but three times a week, luckily started on that morning. While he was entering his name, a man who came in scrutinized him rather closely; and then, perhaps for his own pleasure or information, read over the names on the coach list, particularly the last one: "James Tomlinson, Stratford, paid;" when a slight sneer curled his lip, and he muttered to himself—"That 'll do."

Let us turn to Stratford, where the lieutenant was expected. Two girls, perhaps of seventeen (it is difficult to say exactly), were arranging themselves, with each other's assistance, before a small glass in one of the rooms of Mr. Tomlinson's house. (See Plate V.)

"I do hope," said his sister, "that James will get here before our pic-nic of Saturday."

The other one, Julia, her friend, a quiet creature, assented.

"Now, how do I look?" asked Jane, shaking out the folds of her scanty skirt.

"Very nicely, indeed."

"How is it behind?" she asked, turning round.

"Very good," Julia answered, arranging deftly the few puckers which were permitted.

"And so do you"—(in some way referring to her appear-

ance, no doubt)—“that little cape is sweet. Before you go, you must give me the pattern,” said Jane, turning again to the glass to apply to her fine, black hair some delicate, unctuous substance, which the little beast, familiarly called the goose, yields in such abundance.

It must be admitted that, although this was prior to the invention of pearl powder, that wonderful thing which covers more than the mantle of charity, she did extremely well. There was a freshness about her which, if not elegant, was at least cheerful.

“I do wish this nasty war was ended,” she continued, “for I am tired to death of these domestic things. But hark! there’s the horn—perhaps James has come!” and she ran down stairs, taking Julia with her, somewhat endangering the pretty cape which she had admired.

Sure enough, James had come; for it took some twenty hours to get over the roads, with the delays which then existed. But he had arrived, and the whole household were happy in seeing him—the brown, good tempered young man. Even the slight blush, which stole over Julia’s pale face, was as warm as sunshine, and her eyes were of a deeper blue, as James quietly pressed her hand.

Deacon Hart read the newspaper, which came to him once a week, faithfully, from beginning to end. One glass of his specs was broken in two, and often dropped out, causing him some delay; but with a patience, drawn, beyond all question, from his religion, which was based upon depravity, total and entire, he replaced it and read on—

“It is said that the gallant young Frankfort, who so boldly and nobly came out from the ranks of our enemies, has, under an assumed name, gone to rusticate (he halted a little upon that word), to rusticate at or near Stratford, for a time; waiting, without doubt, for some active service.”

"Zounds!" said the deacon, who was deaf, and could not hear himself swear, "what is he coming here for?"

However, he was a prudent man. He put the paper away, —said nothing to his wife— and resolved to keep a look-out. Just then the glass of his specs dropped out; but it was of no consequence.

The Saturday for the pic-nic came: and with it a good number of the young folks of the village—with their best looks, their best clothes, and their best provisions. It was a good while since James Tomlinson had seen them, or had felt so free, and exuberant, as when with the blue-eyed Julia. He walked for half a mile to the little sail boat, in which they were to go to a pleasant wooded point. James, as a matter of course, took command of the boat, and with a light wind they launched forth—not upon the "great deep"—but upon the great shallow. There was no fear from tempests, or enemies; for that part of the coast had been unmolested, and so well in shore they were quite safe.

The little coquetries, such as they were, were genuine, good of their kind; and so were the awkward gallantries, and the *rather* rough jokes. The half-witted son of deacon Hart was invaluable. He did not care for being laughed at; and "Andy," as he was called, was always doing "something" with a restlessness and readiness which provoked laughter. But wit, of any sort, will not stretch a sail, and the wind seemed, indeed, to decline with it—so that although they proceeded, it was but slowly. Andy proposed that they should sing. He had a good voice, and pulling out his hymn book, he began—the rest readily joining. James could not but smile at this "sport of the sea," and their songs reminded him of the Irish Christmas hymn, which begins,

'T was on a Christmas morning,
Jerusalem a-bourning,
The Holy-land adorning,
All on the Baltic say!

They had finished one or two, and were striking up the tune of "Wells":

PSALM 84, 12.

"Why dost withdraw Thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out and be not slack
To give thy foes a rappe."

At this moment they rounded a wooded point, and came upon an open, armed boat. The girls slightly screamed, and huddled, and clung together—while as they approached, with one or two muskets leveled, Andy cried out "Do n't shoot, we're all Stratford souls!" James steered directly on his way, while the boat came up to them and a person jumped on board, asking—"If his name was James Tomlinson?" James said he would answer, if there were any good reason for it.

The man, who was the same that had entered the stage office after him, said—

"It is of no use—I know who you are—and you must go with me."

Seeing no help for it, he quietly stepped into their boat, which struck out across the sound—while the dilapidated pic-nic party got back as they could: Jane in hysterics, and Julia in tearless dread.

Andy was bouncing about in great wrath, shouting after the "darn'd sneakin' critters." daring them to come back.

and so on. Indeed, it was necessary to hold him in the boat, until a pistol shot, fired over them, quite wilted his military stiffness. Stratford was in a buz—people were flying almost like bees, without a queen—boats went in pursuit, without success.

The deacon at last got hold of the trouble, although Andy's accounts were none of the clearest. "Devils!" he said, "British devils!"

"'Sht! 'sht! Andy," said the old man.

"It's as true as that I stand here, sir. They come aboard us, hoofs, horns, and all; stinking of brimstone, too, and carried him off. It's no use to look for him, for by this time he's roasted to a cinder."

It is clear that the half-witted Andy had those lucid ideas of hell and damnation, which the fumes of sulphur generate in so many of his quality of brains.

But the deacon's thoughts recurred to the paper, in which he had read of Frankfort's projected visit to Stratford; possibly that had some connection with the matter, and he took it to Mr. Tomlinson, who was sick with anxiety. He caught the idea, that his son had been mistaken for Frankfort—and started at once for New York.

But the young Tomlinson was carried on board ship, and heavily ironed. No one heeded his explanations, and for a time he writhed under the injustice and confinement which, when he found the ship was making sail for the old world, he knew would not be short. At Portsmouth he was put on board a prisoner-ship, and left to wait his trial as a deserter.

From the entire want of belief in his story, he was strongly impressed with the idea that that would be fatal to him. This anxiety, and the close confinement, were making inroads upon his health and spirits. With one of his

guards, the corporal, he had made some acquaintance, and, through his representations, had at last been permitted to walk the deck, on the afternoons, with little or no fetters. At times, he felt ready for any desperate attempt, and was constantly casting about for some possible means of escape. None suggested themselves, except it might be through this corporal, and to him he applied himself.

His father found that Frankfort was still in New York; and, having been furnished with necessary proofs and papers for the liberation of his son, had started for England,—entirely uncertain as to where he should find him. But while he could act and hope, he could live.

Through the corporal, James learned that the commission for his trial was shortly expected. He would in no case wait for this; and on that same evening, as he was being conducted to his quarters, he made a violent rush past the guard, who was following him; startling him so that he got beyond his reach. The corporal fired off his musket; not with any evil intention, it is believed. This increased the confusion, while, as quick as thought, James plunged from the side of the ship.

Boats were quickly manned, and the harbor searched, without success. It was, therefore, believed that he had suffered the penalty of his own temerity—was drowned, after being wounded, by the shot of the corporal; who gave that impression, to relieve himself from all suspicion.

That very day, the little brig, in which his father had sailed, anchored in the road. Having ascertained, in London, where his son was imprisoned, he had posted down but an hour or two behind the court martial, and with the necessary proofs came on board the prison-ship, where he learned this sad result.

But he was not drowned; for, in such a story as this,

it would not be possible. He had caught, as he rose, swept past the ship by the tide, to one of the block hooks which hung from the davits into the water. With his nose only exposed, he had waited until the search was over, it having been made rather carelessly so near the ship. One of the returning boats had touched his head with an oar, but without exciting any search, particularly as it was so near night.

Seeing what he thought was a fishing boat sailing out of the harbor, he swam toward her. The man at the tiller, seeing something in the water, cried out to his companion, "Bring the axe!"

"Make no noise said James," weak with cold and fatigue; "but come here, and give me a lift."

This was soon done, and he was once more safe from drowning. The sentinel on the ship, hearing the talk,—the night being still and the breeze light,—although the boat was now at some considerable distance, hailed her.

"Make no answer," said James, "as you hope for salvation. It is best to be frank with you; and I will tell you more as soon as I get voice enough."

Men in *cool blood* have an innate repugnance to giving up their fellow-men to the punishment of death, even when they believe them criminal;—much stronger in a case like this, when the story was so plain, and the earnestness of the man so impressive. These fishermen believed what the liveried official could not listen to, and gave to James what help they could,—even put him on board a French ship, which was on her way to America.

His father staid in England only long enough to satisfy himself that his son was dead. Then he took his way to Stratford, a broken down man. He reached home a few weeks after his son had been welcomed by his mother,

sister, and friends,—Julia among them,—almost as one risen from the dead. This unexpected appearance startled his father once more into life and action; but he never recovered his usual tone; and in two years passed from among them, to a world where, since Milton's time, we may hope there has been no war!

“Is that all?” asked Grace.

“Yes —”

“But did Tomlinson marry the blue-eyed — something-else — Julia?”

“As to that matter, I am obliged to refer you to John.”

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE V.

SCALE—SIXTEEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

All the varieties of Italian house are appropriate for a level, or undulating, country. This specimen is very simple, and may be built of cheap stone, or brick, stuccoed. The coloring for the stucco will last longer, if applied to the mass before plastering. The verge board should be cut from two inch plank, one foot wide. The teeth and spaces are each twelve inches wide. The curtain over the broad window may be made to roll up, to protect it from winds.

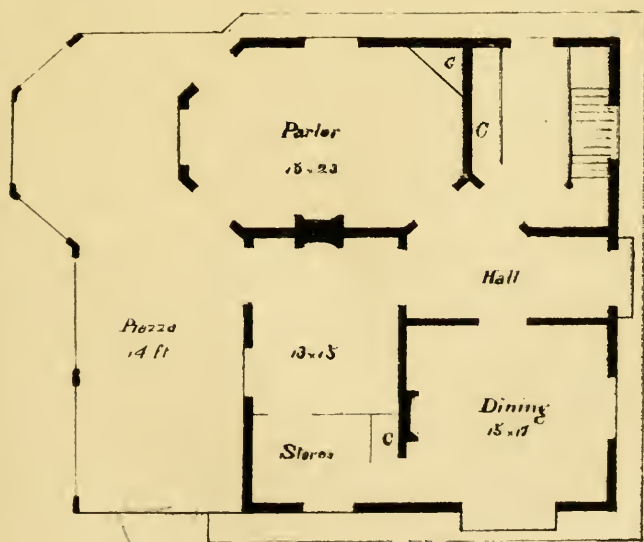
As many persons would not like the *octagonal* room, it will be very easy to rearrange that portion. It will be less expensive if built square.

Back of the dining room, a sliding closet, or “dumb waiter,” may be made to communicate with the kitchen, if in the basement. When the kitchen is on the same floor with the rest of the house, it is much neater to build it separate from the house, with a passage.

The hall may be made to run through the house. A back stairway may then be made, still leaving ample room for closets.

The piazza and parlor placed in the rear of the house, are supposed, in this case, to command a view.

Estimate, \$2,000 to \$3,000, according to the style in which it is built.



CHAPTER XIII.

To return to those country people, who were making the usual nervous efforts to exist.

Uncle Tom's "cool head" had, by degrees, become excited, as to the prospects for business men and matters. His thoughts naturally recurred to his old haunts; and 't was not many days after Mr. Derwent's return from the city that he declared, at the breakfast table, his intention to visit it.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Grace, with an inquiring tone.

"I hope not;" he said. "But it's squally weather.—Rogers has died suddenly, under rather suspicious circumstances; it is rumored that he's bankrupt. I don't know what may be the end; but the whole town seems to have been running a race to the devil; who, I suspect, is nearer than they think for. I'll go down and see for myself."

Now, when Mr. Derwent returned, although he had seen Uncle Tom, and had talked further upon his political prospects,—and upon the matrimonial project before mentioned,—he said not a word as to the suspicion, which had almost reached certainty, that Wainwright was trying his hand at getting rich. Why should he meddle in other people's affairs? Let every man take care of his own business! Save yourself, who can, and the devil take the hindmost, was the proverb of the wise man, which he

took to his heart. This was the fellow-feeling in his bosom. Not the only one in which he feels!

"While you are gone," said Uncle John, "I'll take the children, and make a short circuit among our neighbors; it may be both pleasant and profitable —"

"To Ned!" struck in Grace; "and pleasant to me."

"Well," said Ned, "suppose we go and take a look at the horses. But when shall we start?"

"I am going this morning," said Uncle Tom.

"Then we will start to-morrow morning," Uncle John said.

"I like my horse," Grace said to Ned, as they walked toward the stable. "On a little trip of this kind, I should get along but poorly with Uncle Tom's old hack, which for so long he made me ride—for safety! I despise safety."

"It's because you have never been hurt. But I am trying to make your horse lift his right foot first, when he canters; it does n't throw a woman about so much."

"How do you do it?"

"I am trying, by riding him in a small ring. He occasionally starts into it; but it seems natural for him, and all horses, to start with the left foot."

"Here's old Jack," said Grace, patting the great, black head which was thrust into her hand. "He'll be lonesome when we all go away. Jack! we are going away, to leave you." Jack lifted his ears. "You'll have to be shut up in the morning, I think—eh? old fellow, how will you like that?" He put his paws up on her shoulders, and wagged his bushy tail, as if to say, "Do n't do that, nice, good Gracie."

While they were busy in the very unladylike occupations of brushing up and mending saddles and bridles, Jim Haskill put his head in.

"What 's goin' on? Governor, off' for the city? and where are the rest of you bound?"

"We are going to take a ride. But how did you know Uncle Tom was for the town?"

"He 's got on his best clothes!—"

"A man may wear them, and stay at home," said Grace.

"Not in the country; unless he 's goin' to church,—or courtin',—or lectioneerin'," said Jim, with a slight wink at Ned.

"But how do you know he is not going about one of these? He 's old enough," said Ned.

"Yes, and ugly enough;—but I know. I've had my eye on him;—he 's seen no widow;—he 's not yet got into politics;—and if to-day is Sunday, then Warden Scran is breaking it all to smash."

"Now Jim," said Ned, "you must be a father to Grace while Uncle Tom 's away."

"That I can do, if she will come up and stay with Bessy and I."

"I do n't know about that," Ned replied, looking rather wickedly at Grace. "It would not be convenient for Mr. Derwent's horses to climb over your rocks."

Grace seemed a little puzzled; but said, "You forget, Ned, that I have a horse of my own, and can go and see him."

"And then," Ned continued, "I am afraid you do n't sing very well, Jim. Are you familiar with botany, rose buds, and the like?"

"Oh, the devil!—sing? I can sing." And he struck up the "Hunters of Kentucky." "What do you think of that? But you must go to the camp-ground, if you want to hear singin': The Land of Canaan goes well. But you

said you were going to ride;—why not go there? It will begin next week. The last nights are the best.”

“Perhaps we will. But where is it to be? You would like it, Grace. Will Derwent be there, Jim?”

“Everybody goes. It will be in Dillon’s Plains. I lay in my stock for the season there!”

CHAPTER XIV.

WE will follow Uncle Tom to the city, which will necessarily be rather stupid to us, as it was to him. He had fallen into lazy ways, during his short country life, but he managed to get through his breakfast soon after the rest, who evidently did not *enjoy* the fruits of the earth, through their anxiety to *possess* them. When he started out, after breakfast, to make some few business calls, he walked leisurely, in a wealthy country manner; but it did not continue long, for he was swept on with the living tide, walking with inconceivable rapidity, so that lamp-posts and men became confused together. He was unconscious that he was exciting himself to keep in advance of some person, whom he had heard walking rapidly behind him, until he heard his name spoken.

It proved to be Wainwright, who, quite red in the face, said, "I have been trying to overtake you; for I thought very likely you were going to my office."

"So I was," replied Uncle Tom; and they walked on together, soon at high speed again, each trying to keep up with the other, until Wainwright, who was a small man, remonstrated.

"Why," said Uncle Tom, "I was trying to keep up with you?"

"And I with you!" he answered. "But I was going to say, that I have an engagement for an hour this morning,

and will ask you to come in afterward, when we can talk over your affairs."

"Oh, certainly," said Uncle Tom, "it will suit me as well."

Wainwright turned down a street, which perhaps shortened his distance, leaving Uncle Tom to continue his way. He took some securities from his safe, and stepped quickly to one of his neighboring speculators, asking to deposit them for an hour or so, in place of others in his hands. There could be no objection to this.

Now these securities (stocks) were in the name of Wainwright, though they really belonged to Uncle Tom. But Wainwright was such an upright man, that Uncle Tom would not have hesitated to place all his property in his hands; and in truth, a good part of it was directly or indirectly under his control.

In looking over matters with him, Uncle Tom mentioned his fears, and anticipations of trouble. Wainwright said in reply—"That many people feared a crash, and all hoped to weather the storm. A large number were crowding sail, so as to reach a harbor before it should burst. Some of these stocks which have been paying a high interest," he suggested, "it might be safe to sell, and reinvest in others, of which there can be no doubt."

As this agreed with Uncle Tom's opinion, he gave direction for the preparation of a power of attorney—"and that there may be no trouble about it," he said, "perhaps it had better be full. I may want something else done, and it will save me trouble."

It is sometimes dangerous to save trouble, and a doubt of the propriety of this step crossed Uncle Tom's mind. "But with Wainwright?"

As Uncle Tom stepped out of the office, he met one

of his old business friends—who stopped to say the good mornings—“Why, how are you?” said he, “have you been out of town?”

“Some four months,” said Uncle Tom, smiling—“and you thought it was but yesterday?”

“Oh—yes—and how do you find it up there? rather dull—eh? Good morning.”

Saying this, he jerked himself away as though he were a tin man; no doubt wishing, in those hot August days, that when he did melt, it might be into that rich metal, modestly called tin.

“Now I’m safe,” said Wainwright to himself; “with that, I can get through.”

Get through? through what? perhaps he is into the dismal swamp, deep—deeper—perhaps up to his ears?

Having finished his business, Uncle Tom hastened to quit the hot, noisy, headlong, heartless town. He found himself alone—more alone than when he was among the cows—they at least stood still and chewed their cuds: these ran over him, and never turned to see if he got up. When he was full of his business, it is believed that he did the same thing. He was, therefore, absent from home four days, instead of two weeks, as he had anticipated.

CHAPTER XV.

WHILE the little party—Grace, Uncle John, and Ned—ride out under the level rays of the morning sun, we will take a look into Jim Haskill's hut,—for it could hardly be called cottage.

He was busy with a small fire, over which he toasted, on a stick, slices of pork, which lay on a board by his side, flanked with a number of those rolls of Indian meal called “dodgers,” and a bottle, which contained some beverage stronger than water.

“It is time he was here,” he said to himself; “if the wind rises, the birds will not lie. Bessy, come and get some breakfast?”

“No—no, Jim,” she said, as she leaned out of the small window, and busied herself with the morning-glorys.—“There—I saw you—” she whispered, singing in a low voice—

“Come, on the sail of the thistle down;
Come, in the light of the golden sun;
Bring me the scent of the queen bee's crown,—
The tint of the cloud when the day is done.
Trip—Trip—Trip!”

Jim paid no attention to her, but whistled up his dogs, took his gun, and went out among the rough places of the mountains.

She continued:—“Come—come to me. Here, Trip;—here beauty! There,—you shake the dew from the cups?

No—you can't get in there;—there, now, I have you. Ah, you rogue!—so, where have you been, Trip? Your wings are sticky."

"Ah,—down among the clover fields. Yes? Give me a kiss then. You were in the honeysuckles, too, this morning. I see the yellow on your nose," she said, holding her finger up, as though something was standing on it.—

"You have stolen your vest
From the hang bird's nest,—
The white from the lily's breast.
I see you blush, with the rose-bud's flush:
You smell of the mignonette.
Ah, Trip! they'll have you yet.—
Your whistle, too,
'S from the spring bird-blue.
I hear it with grief:
Oh, Trip, you thief!"

She laid her head toward him, as if listening:—

"That's pretty," she said, trying to imitate the sounds.

"But, are you afraid, Trip? Do n't jump about—

"Oh—you do n't think I whistle well? ha! ha!—

"Ah, Trip, I can whistle as well as you,—
The little folks know it; they know it's true:
Ah, Trip, you're a rogue,—I say it with grief,—
You're smoking the stem of the love-apple leaf.—

"Oh, no, Trip, I'll not say it—be quiet. Did you hear Jim's gun! but what is it then?" she asked, turning her head toward young Derwent, who had walked in without her observing it, prepared for a day's shooting. He had listened for an instant to Bessy's singing and talking, saying to himself, "she's a natural;" for she had that looseness of

the mouth, and wildness of eye, at times, which betrayed it; and otherwise was peculiar in her appearance, and very pretty.

"Where 's Jim?" he asked, advancing to her side.

"Gone;" she replied, pointing with her free hand out the window, near which she stood.

"But who were you talking to?" he asked, putting his hand upon her waist.

"Why—why, Trip;" she replied, looking with a little wonder into his eyes. "Do n't you see him—my little one? —

"Oh, Trip's the child with the laughing eyes,
Who tickles the cow's-tits—with the daisies lies."

"But I do 'nt see him," said Derwent.

"There he is!" she said, raising her hand. "See him?"

"I see nothing."

"There—" said Bessy, putting her finger on to her thumb. "See the wings on his feet! Stand still, Trip. There, you've frightened him away;" she continued, leaning out of the window. "See him there, among the leaves? But you would n't hurt him,—you would n't hurt me?" she asked, looking up in his face, as she lay upon his arm.

"Not if you'll give me a kiss."

"There 's Jim," she said, without changing her place. "Here, Trip!" she called, as Derwent hastily turned toward him; excusing himself for being rather late, and so on,—proposing, now, that they should be off—

"Yes," said Jim, with a smile; "it's time: you and Bessie were —"

"Just going to dance," said Derwent, hastily. "Quite a good exercise;—she do n't seem to have been very well educated."

“Edicated! But let’s see you do it.”

Derwent made an attempt at a waltz, at which Jim laughed out.

“Why, I can do that better myself. Here, try me,” he said, putting his arm around his waist. They made a few turns, when he suddenly whirled Derwent out the door,—so that he went spinning down, among the rocks and brambles, in some danger of life and limb. He gathered himself up, in a bewildered state, uncertain whether to fight or fly.

“Come here,” said Jim. “Here’s your gun; let’s be off;—it’s high time. You aint hurt, are you?” he asked of Derwent, who came sulkily toward him.

“It’s no fault of yours;—it’s no way to treat a gentleman.” He wished to maintain his dignity; but was afraid, and doubtful.

“I know it,” said Jim; “but you are so darnation slippery. I expect I can teach Bessy. Come, will you go on after the blind-snipe, and let her be?”

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOUT a mile from the house, the riding party stopped to water their horses in the trough, which some public spirit had provided, when Grace saw her dog crawling out from behind it.

"As I live!" she exclaimed, "here 's Jack."

"Ah, you rascal," said Ned, "here 's where you are. I could n't find you this morning. I believe, Grace, that the fellow knew what we said yesterday."

In truth, he seemed to understand the conversation now, for he stood with his head down, occasionally raising his eyes to Grace, one foot a little advanced.

"He looks meek enough."

"Come here, Jack," said she, holding out her hand to him—"I'll forgive you—I believe you are my best friend, after all."

"Except one," said Ned, "though absent now to mem'ry dear."

"Ned, I fear you are sophisticated—that you are getting worldly and miserable."

While the horses were drinking, Jack had reached his head up to her hand, and was making friends again, rapidly. When they started, he dashed on, waking the echoes with his glad bark.

"'Sht! 'sht!" called Grace, whistling him in. "You must behave yourself, well."

He quietly came in behind them, and was as meek as if he were going to church with the minister.

Ned had been, through the summer, getting more and more uneasy and dissatisfied with himself; and he determined, as they rode forward, to bring the matter before Uncle John, in whose judgment he had some confidence, though he was very well aware of the small value which men of fifty place upon the plans of "young men." "I have been through all that," is the usual, satisfactory reply. But Uncle John did not say so, when Ned asked him—

"What he should do, if he were in his case, not knowing what to do?"

"I should do what I wished to do, if I could."

"Marry some rich girl, Ned; that settles a man," said Grace, who had but little faith in Ned's industrious fever.

"And call it husbandry?" he asked. "But I do n't know what I should like to do, Uncle John."

"Do the first thing that you can lay hands on, then. But do n't you do enough?—you keep busy."

"Yes, but it comes to nothing," said Ned.

"What do n't?" asked Uncle John.

"That's more than I can say, and is what I wish to know."

"Nobody can tell you. If you keep on working, you will find out for yourself, or will be satisfied that one thing is as good as another."

"But," said Ned, "it seems to me that I ought to have some object—some end—which I may finally reach."

"A mission, perhaps?" suggested Grace.

"How are you going to get it?" asked Uncle John.

"That's the question," Ned replied.

"Now," said Uncle John, "listen to me. There are

certain things that a man knows—knows them—how, or why, perhaps, he cannot tell. There are some that I know,—I shall not make any attempt to convince you of their truth. I know that no man gets any end or definiteness, except by his work, his experience, if you please. The doing of one thing leads on to the doing of another. The work done lies behind him—has made his way so much the more clear. Looking never removed difficulties; they are a sort of thing which can't be “frowned down.”

“I believe you are right,” said Ned.

“I do not try to convince you,” continued Uncle John, “or reason, as it is called. If you can't receive, then you are not ready for it; and all the argument in the state legislature won't help you. If you are good for any thing, you will satisfy yourself.”

“Yes—but,” Ned asked again, “do n't you think that it is essential that a man should decide upon his occupation, and then stick to it?”

“Not the least—unless his only wish is to get rich. Most men stultify themselves by doing that. Take hold of the thing which is at hand, and do it; but do not, therefore, keep repeating this, unless there is all the while interest and improvement. A man should go on, from step to step. Consistency is a jewel—but it is too often in a swine's snout.”

“It seems to me,” said Ned, “that your practice may lead to what is called shilly-shally habits?”

“Mind, Ned, that I say a man should do—finish—the thing in hand. If he undertakes to farm for a year—let him do it. If that does not suit him, I say decidedly he should leave it—and so with every thing else. He will soon learn what he can do, and what he ought to do.”

“I am rejoiced,” said Grace, “that we women have

something to make up to us for our dependence and physical weakness."

"Another thing," suggested Ned, "is, as to one's occupation—"

"It is the man who elevates the occupation," said Uncle John. "It is an old saying, that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—and if you are a sow's ear, you must take the consequences."

"But if you are a silk purse, Ned," suggested Grace, "what then? See, there stands Jim's hut—a nice place."

"And there 's Jim himself," said Ned. "He 's taking off his hat—let 's answer him."

He stood on the point of a rock, far out of hearing, and as he waved his hat, it possibly startled a large hawk, who sailed past him. He raised his gun and the bird fell into the road just before them. 'T was the sound of the gun which Bessy heard. Ned dismounted, and pulled the strong wing-feather for Grace, saying as he handed it to her—"So let all your enemies perish!"

CHAPTER XVII.

I do not propose to detail all their windings and wanderings. Entirely at their ease, they were at liberty to choose their own paths, whether they led over hills, or through valleys. There was such an entire giving up of care and responsibility, that they were open to all influences. Sometimes, when belated, they were compelled to look for shelter at the house which first offered, and they were not often refused.

"Such as they have, we get," Ned would say; "but it is often more blessed to give than receive." But, commonly, they were received by some friend, to whom Uncle John and his companions always seemed welcome.

The country was not overstocked with religious, selfish, or entertaining, men and women. Our party, if to either, belonged to the last class, and were, therefore, acceptable.

At the close of the second day, they drew near the home of Mrs. Marshall, who, Uncle John told them, was a widow, a methodist, and a neat woman. Though nothing remarkable, let us take a look at her. Having been left with a small property, she had lived many years with her son here (see Plate VI). Her husband had been half-farmer, half-doctor,—a hard man, cold and suspicious. After the shock to the habits which death always causes, she had resumed her life in a much more agreeable way.

As they approached the house, a flock of pigeons came fluttering down, so close that they startled Grace, as well

as Ned's horse,—“both women,” as he said,—tumbling and ruffling over their heads, so that Grace thought they really were about to alight upon her, as the bees had done. However, at a slight, shrill whistle, they all trooped away, to the other side of the house, leaving them to meet in quiet Mrs. Marshall, who was sitting on the back porch.

“Ride this way,” she called to them. “I am really glad to see you, Mr. Ellison, and your friends too,”—shaking each heartily by the hand, as they dismounted. “I have just had my entry-way scrubbed, and I cannot find it in my heart to let you go in there. But, come,” she said, turning to Grace, “let me show you your room; you must refresh yourself, and then we can get acquainted.”

Grace never had seen anything so neat as this widow's house. She stood in her room doubtful where she might touch, particularly with her dusty riding clothes. Mrs. Marshall, however, helped to untie her bonnet, and seemed so kind and genial, that Grace said to her, “I feel as though it would be a pity to disturb this clean and beautiful room.”

“Do not fear, my child,—this cleanness is one of my hobbies. But I do not wish it to disturb any one.”

“It must give you so much trouble to have us come here —”

“Not so. It is my pleasure,—my occupation,—my business; and without customers I should do but poorly.”

When Grace joined the rest at the tea-table, she found the son of Mrs. Marshall, who was called “doctor.” He blushed as he was introduced to her. Uncle John and Mrs. Marshall did most of the talking at the table; and then they walked out as the twilight stole on.

“How do you keep all these things in such nice order? Really,” said Ned, “it is quite an example to us.”

The walks, the flower-beds, and the grass about the house, were clean and agreeable.

"The doctor and I," said Mrs. Marshall, "give about an hour a day to it; and as we do it *regularly*, that hour accomplishes a great deal."

"And we do it with a will,—which makes some difference," said the doctor.

"But now you must come,—though I think it is too late,—" Mrs. Marshall said, "and see the doctor's family."

"He's a bachelor?" inquired Ned, looking rather curiously at Mrs. Marshall, who did not seem at all watchful of her dignity.

"Yes," she replied, in a like strain; "but chickens answer in place of children."

'Twas in the morning that they made their visit to the yards, and it was a sight to see the doctor among his feathered friends.

The pigeons, before spoken of, settled and hung upon him; and one could hardly walk through the small yards for the crowds of Polands, and pheasant hens, which stopped the way. The great Silesian ducks waddled up to the doctor, with their good mornings; and the bantams crowed at his advent. They all laughed heartily at the curious jealousy which these little soldiers showed toward the game cocks. They found there, almost domesticated, quails and pheasants, which the doctor said he had at first hatched under the hens.

He was at home now, and all his diffidence vanished; was glad to talk with Grace, and promised her of the kinds which she fancied.

"For you know," she said, "we are country people; and I must look about for occupation, before I get wearied."

I shall recruit Ned into my service, and commence the business."

"Do you intend to raise game chickens?" Ned asked, "for if you do, I shall turn cock fighter."

"But again—I want to know," Grace inquired, "what you do with all these—what becomes of them?"

The Doctor laid his hand below his heart, and bowed.

"Of course," said Ned, "a law of nature, and no miracle at all."

"I discovered," explained the doctor, "in my anatomical studies, a large vacancy here—quite surprising, indeed—which nature and I both disliked. I concluded to do what would fill my own, and some others, rather than to minister to the fretfulness of men, the vapors of women, or the wailings of children—and here you see me; here are my patients, except some few people about us, whom poverty has taught politeness—and here you see I have an independence. I have time, through this, to pursue some pathological investigations, which are enough to keep me from inanition. I can pay for what books and claret I want, and what traveling is necessary. As for clothes, you see," he said—a little vain, perhaps, of his corduroys, which were much worn, but quite neat and white.

The morning advanced, and they soon made their adieus. Mrs. Marshall said—"But you will stop here again on your return?"

"I think not," Uncle John replied; "I am the guide, and I propose to go through the plains to the camp ground. Perhaps you will be there, for I suppose you have not yet been proselyted to catholicism!"

"Not yet," she replied. "But they are able to get along without me; and I feel more at ease at home."

So amid mutual expressions of kindness, they parted—promising further acquaintance.

“Well,” said Grace, as they rode away, “these people must be happy.”

“Gloves against kisses,” wagered Ned, “that they, too, have skeletons in their chambers. How is it, Uncle John?”

“The doctor was once in love.”

“And jilted?” asked Grace.

“No—but his true love died. Perhaps he does not forget her. To love somebody is a necessity with him—and such people always have pets.”

“Well, how is it with his mother?”

“She is, as you see, a melancholy example of neatness, and the flies are a perpetual source of misery to her; as she sometimes says—“It is so provoking, because they get no good for all the dirt they make. If they enjoyed my paint, I should not care so much about it.”

“When one virtue, even cleanness,” said Ned, “overgrows the rest, it seems to make misery and discomfort. But certainly they have succeeded in getting things about them in excellent order, and in admirable taste. To me, they seem to have done just enough with nature. She’s a sluttish jade and needs a master.”

“Well,” said Grace, “how did they do it?”

“The doctor is not such a fool,” replied Uncle John, “as you perhaps took him to be.”

“Fool!” said she, “I only thought him a little raw at first; but how—fool?”

“Why, he was wise man enough to learn something from the experience of other people. A man, who goes groping into a dark wood, will knock his head, if he don’t lose his money. Mr. Marshall had seen both of

these accidents happen to country gentlemen, and very wisely paid an architect for his advice and assistance—and a gardener for his—and thus started right.”

“I am afraid we shall not do it, then,” said Grace, “for Uncle Tom certainly will plan things himself.”

“He has done it in one case; perhaps he will in others.”

“What do you think, Uncle John, of his plan for a house?”

“I like it—but think it quite too expensive as he will build it. Tom has an income of some five or six thousand dollars, and ought not to build a house to exceed it. But we shall see. A man can live well, whose house does not cost more than the amount of his income.”

“That would be *too* cheap,” said Grace.

“Not a bit—it’s a safe rule.”

“If there is any thing despicable,” said Ned, “it is a man, who, because successful in some one thing, presumes upon that, to be capable for any thing; and I’m sure Uncle Tom is not one of that kind. It is the commonest thing for men, who by luck, mere luck, perhaps, have got themselves, as they think, beyond the reach of the almshouse, to pronounce upon things that they can know nothing of—upon which they have had no time to study or think. Art, architecture, actors—these are too simple for these men, plague on them! I always feel as though I should insult them.”

“Ned, Ned—insult, if it will do any good; but do n’t forget yourself, above all things.”

Ned smiled, and confessed his youth.

’T was a day or two after this that they approached, with the evening, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, whom we will introduce in the next chapter.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE VI.

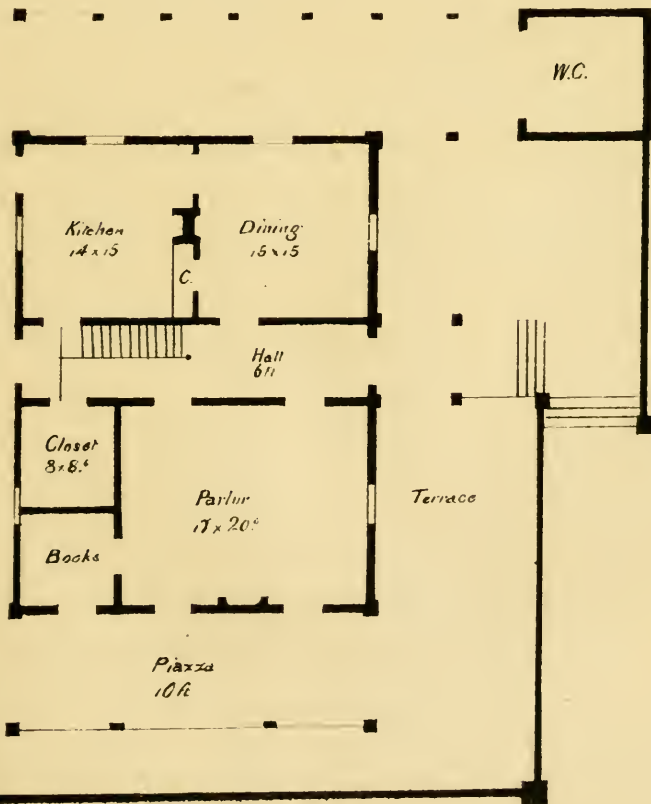
This is not a very large house, being forty by thirty feet. It is not a plan which should be built cheaply — I mean in a cheap style. All the ornaments and finishings should be plain and neat.

The *tower* will contain two small rooms above the water closet. This is accessible by the covered passage, which, continued, forms a piazza at the back of the house. This tower may be dispensed with, and the house still be complete and harmonious. The railing should be of light iron work.

The parlor chimney should be carried out at the center of the roof.

The plan will explain itself in other respects. The terrace may be of any size, and should be furnished with trees, shrubs, and beds of fragrant flowers.

It is easily seen that this plan can be enlarged to another size, so that the dining room will be extended, say two, or three feet, without injuring the proportions.



CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. and Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Margaret Wilson, were sitting in the dining room of their dwelling (Plate VII). Mr. W.'s shoes were brushed and tied; but Mrs. W. still wore her dressing gown; and Miss W.'s head was well and carefully dressed, while her feet were at the opposite extreme. They indulged in the following remarks, in which Mr. W. occasionally joined,—descending from his newspaper to their more earthly regions, and again mounting,—a messenger, a perpetual Mercury, he seemed, between heaven and earth.

Mrs. W. Well, we have got out invitations for two hundred, city friends and all. Now, is there any body whom we have not yet asked?

Mr. W. There 's the Hawleys.

Miss W. Do n't ask them;—they are not in society. We shall have to go and call;—and they never give any parties.

Mr. W. The Ellisons?

Mrs. W. I had entirely forgotten them.

Miss W. They are nothing but leather dealers and grocers. It 'll be time enough to invite them when we see whether they are going to give any parties, and be any thing in society.

Mr. W. (*With a wave of his hand.*) My daughter—you should always remember that in the subordinate ranks of life we often meet with worthy persons, that for a

single chimera, the sacrifices which good sense only should dictate, should never be sacrificed, and rendered entirely subordinate to the will of the person holding them. I have myself dealt in cotton.

Miss. W. Yes, pa; but that was a good while ago!

After delivering himself of this address, Mr. W. took no further part in the discussion, which must have been too trivial for his exalted powers. An unwashed servant boy put his head in the door:—

“Three folks in the entry; shall I put ’em in the parlor, Miss Wilson?”

The lady addressed with this youthful prefix spoke again:

Mrs. W. Who can they be?—who are they?

Boy. Do n’t know.

Mrs. W. Margaret, you *must* go in; I do n’t look fit.

Miss W. I’m not going in;—somebody come over here to get an invitation.

Mr. W. Tell them to walk into the drawing room, of course. I will myself see who they are.

He sent the boy with word that it was the Ellisons; when out both of our ladies hastened.

Mrs. W., shaking Uncle John by the hand, seized hold of Grace,—kissed her on both cheeks: “I declare, how fortunate. Your neice, of course, Miss Ellison—my daughter Margaret—Miss Ellison—and—” she stopped, looking at Ned.

“My equally fortunate nephew,” said Uncle John, “Edward Lee.”

Sublime politeness was impressed upon every motion of Mr. and Mrs. W. Miss Margaret W. at once took possession of Grace, and plied her with most affectionate inquiries; while Mr. and Mrs. W. were equally assiduous

toward Uncle John. Ned, of course, feeling for a moment as though he was an "excess of glory."—"So fortunate," said Mrs. W.,—"so *heureux*," which, in her French, sounded very like "horrid," "that you should have arrived just when you did. We were *just* about sending a valet to invite you to our party to-morrow night."

Uncle John explained, that they were in no trim for a party. But Mrs. W. explained, "that it was the merest sociable—a few friends—a few particular friends—quite *en famille*."

The next day, Mr. W. took Uncle John and Ned over his place. "A good, quiet, unpretending mansion," said he; "not at all such as he should have built, had he drawn upon the original, inventive faculties of his own mind. There were many things about the place that he would have had entirely different—too many walks—too much to keep in order. Not that the expense itself was, in itself, a consideration;—but, to a person who felt himself impressed with the responsibility of wealth, there were ways of disbursing much more congenial."

As an instance:—they were met by a laborer, who, touching his hat, indicated that he would like to speak to Mr. W. "My good fellow, what is it you wish with me?" "Two days' work, sir, if you please,—a dollar." "Have you a bill made out and properly receipted?" "No, sir—I hav n't; but one of my children is but poorly." "We never violate the rule in such matters;" and Mr. W. passed on, impressed with the high responsibilities of wealth.

"Too many trees—too many trees," said Mr. W. "The former proprietor seems to have had very little taste or cultivation,—only from two points is the mansion perceptible from the roads."

Ned ventured to suggest that, in a country residence,

privacy was an object—to see was more desirable than to be seen.

“Youth,” said Mr. W., smiling benignantly, “is prone to look through a distorted medium. The focal distances which it brings to bear upon the great problems of life, are too often badly suited to the highly organized vision of middle age. In every position, my young friend, we should endeavor to dissect the good which is around us and within us (God forbid, thought Ned), and, leaving on either hand the bad, turn our eyes, before it is too late, to that source from whence flow fountains of light and visions of glory!”

“Selah!” said Ned, somewhat to Mr. W.’s surprise; but his attention was called off, by the coming up of the servant boy, saying that Miss Wilson wanted a sheet of paper. “Here,” said Mr. W., giving him a cent, “run over to Mr. Jones’s and get a sheet of his best—mind boy!”

Mrs. W. regaled Grace with accounts of the miseries of “helps,” under which she was to enjoy life in the country, and gave her, from the stores of her own experience, directions how to get them to do the most work, and to protect herself against their impositions,—entirely forgetting that there were impositions on the other side. The truth was, that no person who had ever been in the neighborhood would live with Mrs. W., and she was always badly supplied with the refuse of city help.

The “sociable” came off in due time, and Grace, in one of Miss W.’s whirlwind dresses, appeared among the guests; and, as she said, the thought that it was not to continue more than an hour or two, prevented her from laughing, or crying, outright.

The house was turned this way and that; on all sides, things were rearranged and disarranged, and in a very

strange way, as she thought, for a few friends, "en famille."

Mrs. W., mounted beneath a high turban, dispensed her welcomes, and French, profusely.

She never neglected an opportunity of making a lion, and Grace was made to reflect her glory, through private explanations;—"quite *au monde*,—immensely rich—*de l'argent*—really quite *passée* (!) &c., &c. All of which well meant patronizings were no doubt understood.

"Who is this Miss Ellison?" said one of a small knot of gentlemen.

"Oh, some fortune-hunter whom Mrs. W. has found in the neighborhood!"

"Oh, no! old Leather Ellison's daughter; well enough off, if the mining company turns out well."

"She's good looking?"

"Yes—if she had n't such an ill managed dress—quite in Miss Margaret's style."

Those ladies who were old enough to feel it safe to sit down, soon occupied the few seats. The rest stood about, waiting for what it should please God to send. Grace, assiduously attended by Mr. Derwent, heard and saw many things.

"Why do n't the dancing begin?"

"Bless your soul! do n't you know that Mr. and Mrs. W. belong to the church?"

"There's Miss Wallace. I am surprised that, at her age, she can try to carry it off so!"

"One would n't think she was sixteen."

"Old enough to be her own mother," Ned suggested.

Dresses, manners, looks, and *character*, were criticised in quite a family and sociable way; until a slight, quavering voice, assisted by the piano, gradually hushed the company,

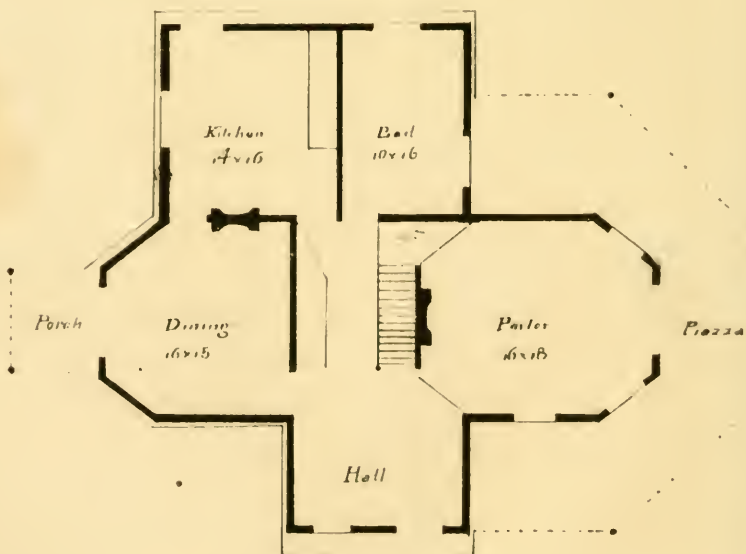
one by one, running the matrons into a whisper, fainter and fainter, until at the close of the sentence they blazed up into — “unheard of expenditure,” “scandalous intimacy,” “he’s a great deal too good for her,” or some such good natured phrase, when they lapsed into an unwilling silence.

The politicians and speculators were snubbed shortly up, and stood in awkward impatience, until the end of the song; when they continued their remarks, having been able to remember their last word with great accuracy. Only a few more reckless spirits, stimulated by bright eyes and ruby lips, were able to continue their delightful conversations; and even these at last fell into langor toward the end of the song.

The turban, happening to approach Grace, who was patiently listening to Mr. Derwent, pounced upon her —

“Oh, my dear Miss Ellison, you *must* sing — *voulez vous chantez!* I am certain you can sing.” And Grace, willing, perhaps, to relieve herself from Derwent’s verbiage, allowed herself to be led away to the piano;—and thus gave quite a number of well dressed men an opportunity of adjourning to the side board, where they consumed their leisure, and “old W.’s” wine. The party ended as such attempts usually do,—some were silly, and others drunken.

Mr. W., only, was able to make his appearance next morning; but he bowed, and waved, our friends away, in a very cordial—perhaps dignified—style.



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE VII.

This class of cottages has a picturesque and romantic effect, and should be used with caution. They are peculiarly unsuited to our level, warm plains. It is very difficult to make the ventilation of the upper part sufficient to keep the chambers comfortable.

The heavy, long drops of the verge board are striking. In this class of ornaments, fancy and boldness are necessary.

The color of these houses should be darker than in any of the Italian cottages — indicating firmness and stability.

In the parlor, a window on the front is seen, which may be omitted (or it may be used in place of the two smaller windows at the angles), to make room for a large piece of furniture, such as a sofa, or piano. A door may open into the hall, under the staircase.

The dining room has but one broad window, opening upon a porch, furnished with seats, for the convenience of smokers.

The roofs project one to two feet over the gables; but, at the eaves, no more than in the common carpenter's house.

Estimate, \$1,900.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WELL," said Uncle John, "how do you mix with the Wilsons?"

"They are wretched people," said Grace; "why did you bring us here? I do n't want to know them."

"You need not visit them—where folks do n't suit you, keep out of their way—they will like you as little as you do them."

"This is most ungrateful," said Ned. "With Miss Margaret's beautiful robe, and the elegant Derwent's attentions, you should have been a happy woman."

"Ho! ho! Ned. Derwent, I am afraid, is not congenial to you. Perhaps you liked Miss Margaret—such seemed to be the opinion."

"Whose opinion?"

"Mine, perhaps. Who winces now—eh, Ned?"

"Say no more—let's kiss and be friends."

They rode on slowly for some time, in silence. There was that dreamy quiet in the air which made the falling of a leaf, or the twitter of a bird, an incident.

"Where shall we stop next?" said Grace. "No more sublimity, I hope!"

"We shall get further among the mountains before night, and meet, I hope, with Mr. Langton—quite a different kind of person."

"You have told me something of him," said Ned. "He is, or was, an artist, you said?"

"Yes — and I promised to tell you more of him. I will do it to-day, while we ride towards his house."

"It will help us to get acquainted with him, and save many of the common-places, which are so many knocks upon the door, asking to enter."

"Part of these things," began Uncle John, "I was told by himself; some I heard in other ways."

Mr. Langton returned from Italy, after having spent some five or six years there, with a beautiful young wife. They settled in the city, as it seemed necessary for an artist to be in the way of the world. A good deal absorbed in the pursuit of art and a livelihood, he could not give to his wife as much care and attention as, being a stranger, she needed. She had been educated in the midst of art, but had nothing for it but a sentiment; while Langton really required some understanding of it. Left, therefore, much to her own thoughts, and speaking our language imperfectly, she was delighted with the arrival of a cousin younger than herself, yet so near her own age as to be a companion and friend. Langton himself felt that his attention to her was an act of kindness to him. He pursued his art with increased application, and one of the freshest and most brilliant of his earlier compositions approached its completion. The landscape is beautiful—every thing seems bathed in sunshine; a few fleecy clouds lie in the calm sky, and in the horizon are the faintest indications of coming storms—but, plainly upon a rock among the flowers lies a snake, whose glittering eye fascinates you, and to which your own is constantly returning. The owner of the picture has tried without success, to get him to complete it: for it was left unfinished.

At this time, the smoothness of his life was disturbed—

its serenity banished. His wife had, with this cousin, sailed for Italy, with no consent—with no hint to him. She left behind her a daughter, whom we shall see: at that time quite young;—and this desertion makes it seem probable that she was overcome by other feelings than love of country and friends. Langton, himself, disappeared; some supposed, in pursuit of his wife. The child was taken care of by some friends.

After several months' absence, he returned to his pursuits—worked with unceasing perseverance—met all debts,—and externally was a calm, contented, and prosperous artist. Those who had known him well before have told me that he *was* changed. His humor and life now had a touch of sarcasm, occasionally bitter. He never alluded to his wife, or to his own absence—it was a subject which all respected. He has several times promised to give me a sketch of his life; and perhaps he will do it upon this visit. We shall see.

Ned interrupted the relation, by calling attention to the threatening state of the sky.

"These clouds," said he, "have been creeping over the hills, and look disposed for mischief. The winds sometimes sweep through these ravines with force, and the storms burst wild and sudden."

"You are right, Ned; and we must ride fast, so as to reach Langton's house," said Uncle John. "Come, Grace, let's try the mettle of your new horse—it's not more than a mile."

"He's good for it," she said. "What should I do now on this steep mountain road, with Uncle Tom's old hack? He's as short winded and stupid as a judge, and almost as slow."

"See," said Ned, "on the crest of the further hill the

branches feel the wind; and further down it is plain that the storm has broken—it follows us fast. Grace, do n't keep so much ahead,—do n't run the risk of breaking your neck to escape a wetting."

"I hear the sound of the wind," said Uncle John—"we had better get shelter if we can. These black clouds spread—the house is not a hundred yards from the projecting rock."

"My horse," said Ned, "has caught a stone in his shoe. I will take it out, and be after you."

The clatter of their hoofs awakened the rocky sounds on the one side—on the other, the tempestuous winds roared and shrieked as they came swiftly up the gorge. He stood for an instant, and then mounting his horse, dashed on to the shelter. He reached the shed as Grace and Uncle John were leaving it for the house. As they approached it they heard some one speaking. Uncle John took hold of Grace's arm.

"Listen a moment."

"Will ye come upon me, ye storms of hell, again! Are not age and desolation miseries enough, that ye, too, should beat upon my moss grown and time eaten body! Where is the crown—the leafy chaplet—in which I once wagged this head—now bare and hoary? Ye have torn it from me, and leaf by leaf tossed it for your sport. Keep off, I tell ye! What, nearer! I hear your howlings. Hah! ye chafe and overbear *one another*! Shall not the wicked destroy themselves, oh, God? I see your mocking eyes. The curses of the aged are a weight! Pass on—"

The speaker, as he came to the end of the porch, stopped with his arm extended, and for an instant a shade of surprise and doubt passed over his face.

"Heavens! what a surprise! Did the storm blow you

up here? To have caught me in a rhapsody, too. I was talking for the old white-wood, which stands below us there, singly and high. Every storm shears off something. I hope he'll hold up his head as long as I do."

Some little by-talk and congratulation, between Mr Langton and his friends, gave Grace an opportunity to notice that, although he did not seem old, yet his hair, which was quite thick, was entirely white—he was closely shaven, and dressed with care and a little precision; as she thought, very incorrect in an artist—but perhaps he, himself, did not suppose dirt and disorder assisted genius, or any other good thing. When she had first seen him, she thought his eyes were black; but now as she saw them, they were really blue, and at times seemed a little dull, like the eyes of near-sighted persons.

They stood in the shelter of the piazza, watching the storm, which had now spread itself over more than half of the landscape. The sun shone on the distant fields and forests, toward which the hosts of wind and rain marched with an irresistible step. The tall crops of the plains laid themselves low. The crashing and groaning of the trees, mingled with the roaring of the winds, the sound of the rains, and the rattling thunder. No one spoke—all seemed filled with the might and fury of the storm. A loud clap of thunder broke over their heads. Grace put her hands before her face, and leaned against the house, when Uncle John took her by the arm and led her within. "Thank God," said he to himself, "that we got this shelter."

The storm gradually passed away—and so did the fears of Grace, who said of herself, that she was ashamed of her "unmanly" weakness. "My nerves," she continued, "were so excited with the grand, dreadful power of the winds, that when the thunder broke, it seemed to me that my

brain had burst its bounds, and for an instant I could not see."

The passing off of the storm was also beautiful. In watching from the window the varying clouds—the freshened landscape in the cleared and invigorated atmosphere, she felt new and deep sensations, which nature in quieter forms had excited, but in a slight degree. Under the influence of these feelings, Grace did not notice the entrance of any one, until she was touched on the shoulder; then looking up, she saw a child of fourteen, dressed in white, with her arms and her feet bare. She had clear and beautiful dark, hazel eyes, and an olive complexion; while her hair was a rich, golden auburn.

"My father," she said, "thinks you may wish to go to your room. Will you go?"

"Will you go with me?" asked Grace.

"I will," she replied.

As she stepped lightly before her, Grace had an opportunity to see how natural and graceful was every motion—simple, yet complete.

"This is it,—a pretty little room. It's mine when there is nobody here."

Grace admired the view from the window,—the few fine engravings which hung against the wall,—the slender glass of wild flowers that stood upon the snow covered table.

"Will you come in," Grace asked, "and tell me all about yourself? But what is your name?"

"Julia," the child answered. "I must not come in, for my father does not wish me to talk with strangers. But you will kiss me?—you are so beautiful.

"And now, good bye."

"But I shall see you again," said Grace, as she put her arms round her and kissed her again.

"Oh, I think so. I will ask the priest."

"Priest! Do you have a catholic priest here?" said Grace, with a tone which clearly said, "this is strange—what new horror shall we fall into?" At any rate, it expressed great surprise. The child smilingly said,—

"Only my father;—he 's the priest."

This was a new matter of speculation crowded upon Grace, who continued standing, as Julia left her, when she came to tell that the priest, and *her* father, and brother, were waiting for her, and would eat all the biscuits, and drink all the wine, if she did not come soon;—"for," said she, "they seem to be pretty hungry."

"*I* am not hungry," said Grace. "Won't you go and walk with me? But, stay, I will ask your father myself."

"I am not afraid," said Julia.

Mr. Langton gave his consent, saying, "It is not with every one that I am willing to send the child,—one hour of the gossip of some of your worldly young women would destroy my work of years. But return as the sun sets, that we may take a fresh dish of tea; for, whether we take the gossip with it, or not, it is a sharpener of fancy."

While they were gone, the conversation turned upon matters in the world, of which they all kept watch—though not, as some would think, actively engaged with them. Uncle John finally led it to art and artists, and reminded Mr. Langton of his having promised to give him some points of his own life. This he again promised to do in the evening, if he could find some slight notes which he had.

Julia took Grace into a secluded dell near the house.

"Here," said she, "is my flower garden. In the spring,

I gather all the pretty things I can find, and near my little fountain I have all the best anemonies and violets, and the geraniums; and, come, I'll show you so many asters,—they are in bloom—and then, further on, the golden rods —”

“If this storm has not blown them all down?” suggested Grace.

“No; you see the winds always go over this place.”

And so, indeed, it was. Every thing was uninjured. Grace admired the pleasures of this child, whose delight was so doubled by the sympathy which *she* really felt and expressed.

“How,” she asked, “did you learn the names of all these things? Have you books and teachers?”

“The priest tells me. I do not read in books, because *he* does not wish it. But when I find any thing beautiful, I learn the name of it from him—and then I write it down. So, in the winter (or when it storms), I can read them over; and I see the things themselves almost,—and I fancy how the roots of the little plants are busying themselves under ground—getting every thing ready for the spring.

“But, come a little further; I will show you my grotto. The priest has helped me to lay the rocks.”

They went in, and Grace found it was large enough for both of them to sit on the rocky seats, or to stand at full height.

“Here are my minerals. Every little while, I rearrange them. You see I have only such as are beautiful. See what a great piece of feldspar,—and mica,—and crystals; and I have a few shells, but they are not so handsome, because there was no life in them when I got them.—I do not like to kill.”

"These are pretty feathers, too," said Grace. "You make a bouquet of them—"

"A what?" Julia asked.

"You arrange them in little groups. I like them," said Grace, "they are so delicate."

"But come, now we must go round below the house. see the cascade, and return. Look at it once more," said Julia. "Is n't it pretty?"

"Very beautiful," said Grace; "and I love you for showing me these things."

"Oh!" said Julia, "I am so glad you love me. I loved you when I first saw you; then I thought you were sad; but you are not so always? Sometimes I think I shall be sad; but I do n't know what for,—and then I go and see my father. I think he is sorry sometimes."

As they walked over the uneven path, Grace took great pleasure in watching the spontaneous actions of this uncivilized child. All things in heaven and earth she seemed to be sensitive to. "See," she would say, "where the storms have broken the branches; and they bleed some. Do you think it hurts them?"

Grace asked her how it was that she knew how to write, and yet could not read.

"Oh, I *can* read; but he does not wish it. I write as much as I please, and I have a great many books of my own which I have made. I have bound them with pieces of bark, and they are fragrant with the yarrow and spice leaves which I lay in them. Here we are at my cascade; see how it dashes against the rocks. Do you think it is angry? I think it is in fun; but I should not like to be the rocks. Think of being washed, and having water thrown on you always! This is the best place to see it," said she, standing upon a tree which lay across the stream.

"Go on! go on!" said Grace, who trembled lest she should fall. "My dear child, I cannot cross that."

"Oh, yes," said Julia, returning; "it is quite strong and firm."

"Yes," said Grace to herself, "but *I* am not." Julia held out her hand to her, and as it was but two or three steps, she overcame her reluctance, and stepped across.

"Here," said Julia, as they reached an angle of the rocks, "is the greatest view."

Grace admired and enjoyed in silence.

"See," said Julia, "how calmly the river flows through the plains, under the trees, and by the side of the little churches, and houses; and away on the other side, see how far it is,—quite to the blue. The great Camel mountain rests himself on this side;—see, he never goes anywhere. You can hear the noises of the world in the still nights;—right below us, the smokes curl up among the trees. We know that some men, and, perhaps, children and women, are there. What do you think they are doing?" she asked of Grace.

"All about us," she continued, "the rocks and trees seem to be trying to get above one another,—and now the shadows are lying down in the ravines and hollows;—in the morning, they have misty covers on them. Look up—see—the sun shines upon the high points of the rocks, and the clouds hold to the tops of the mountains;—if they get blown away, they are lost. Listen to the birds! in the mornings they sing the most; but in the evenings the sweetest.

"Do you sing?" she asked Grace.

"Sometimes I do," she replied; "but won't *you* sing for me now? We can sit here, on these rocks."

"Yes," said Julia, taking hold of her hand. "I will sing

for you;—but you must come up here again, and then we can sing together. I have some such pretty duetts—sometimes I sing one part—sometimes the other. Listen—”

She stood a little apart from Grace, looking, at times, at her, and sang in Italian, a kind of a chaunt:

Softly her breath came, slowly,
Murmuring words of love;
Tender her eye was, holy,—
Holy, like *stars* above.—
“*They* told of His* birth that night,
Silently—told the wise;
Wonderful voices of light,
Saying, ‘*He* cometh, arise!’”

Softly her breath came, slowly
Whispering her last sigh;
Gazing from that couch, lowly,
Up to the *stars* on high.—
“And now, unto *me*, they say,
Trustfully hither come;
E’en as they followed the ray
Which pointed to them His home.”

Softer her voice fell, sweetly,
Breathing that tender theme;
Softer—for such tones meetly,
Alone might tell her dream.—
“*They* went to the house of His birth,
Saying, ‘He cometh to save!’
I to His still house of earth,—
His star hangs now o’er my grave.”

* Christ’s.

Slower her breath came, faintly,
Murmuring now, no more;
Smiling—the holy and saintly
Were passing—her dream was o'er.

C. P. J.

CHAPTER XX.

IN the evening, as they sat together, all except Julia, Mr. Langton said—“It is rather to respond to the friendly interest you have often manifested toward me, than to profit you or myself, that I consent to give these sketches of an artist’s life.

“I will read you a part of a long letter, which I received when abroad, from a gentleman who had befriended me. He has written a little in sport, but it will give you, better than I can tell it, the first part of this short narration.

“I was standing in front of the Post-office of a village in Connecticut, where two or three of the idlers of the place were holding a morning conference.

“‘So,’ says one, ‘I hear you ’re goin’ to lose your ’prentice, deacon?’

“‘Jack aint sick? is he?’ says another.

“‘No, by gosh!’ says the first; ‘worse than that.’

“‘Deacon,’ says he, ‘you might a’ made something of that boy, but had ought to striped his hide regular every morning.’

“‘He’s no great loss to me,’ the deacon said. ‘He never made but one pair of shoes decent, since he come with me—not that he’s altogether lazy, neither—always thinking of something else—kind o’ mazy.’

“‘Here comes Jack, now,’ said the first. ‘So you want to go to town to be a gentleman, and live without work!’

“‘Yes,’ said the second, ‘mighty fine thing to run away

from your mother—you can laze and she can beg, I guess? If you come across a good master, tell him, with my compliments, that your back will be the better for a good tannin’.

“It struck me then, and after observation has tended to confirm it, that the Anglo-saxon race are coarse and brutal. They neglect no occasion to strike an animal, to taunt a boy, or to repeat a disagreeable thing to an acquaintance! Force is the God which is worshipped.

“I walked on after the boy, who was, I should think, about sixteen—a tall, shambling fellow, for one of his age, with a pale face. A tear was running down his face as I came up with him, and his mouth was compressed. He did not look at me; but upon some slight expression of regard, burst into tears. He said to me—‘this kindness is too much—I am not used to it. But do you suppose my mother will beg?’ I gradually drew from him his circumstances and plans, so far as he had any. The substance was mainly this—that he had determined to be an artist.

“I suggested that, to be an artist, required a rare combination of qualities; and that it was a question, whether any person without them, should venture into a field where it is success or nothing. That is, I endeavored to explain to him—unless he felt that he could raise and elevate *himself*, and others—produce—originate—he would always be uncertain and dissatisfied. The man who raises potatoes, or makes shoes, if he does his work well, will feel the satisfaction of having done something well.

“‘I have tried to make shoes,’ he said, ‘and tried hard. Whenever I thought of my mother, I determined to do as she seemed to think was the best—but I could not keep my hands from pictures and books—and I neglected and

forgot my work. The deacon could not understand it—and it was all wrong. I suppose it would be better if I was dead. I had a good deal of hope before John Basset taunted me.’

“I thought he was yielding, and suggested that he should return with me—that I would befriend him with the deacon, and endeavor to put matters in a better shape.

“‘No,’ he said, ‘it’s of no use. I’ll not go back, that’s sure. I am a drag on my mother—and for the rest of them—I cannot be worse off than I was there.’”

“He did not know how strong the battle of life might prove to him. I suggested some of the difficulties he would have to struggle against, as an artist, without *friends*. He said—

“‘I have none any where.’

“Without money—

“‘That I can get as well in one place as another.’

“Without any of the artist’s education—

“‘This I hope to gain.’

“Seeing that he was decided, I said no more to deter him. The true part now was to give him an opportunity to prove himself, to himself.

“He told me that he traced back his love for pictures—for he had but little more then—to his sister. She was used to the coloring of flowers, and some small womanly accomplishments. Pleased with his fondness, she had given him paper and such hints as she could; but more than all, she had sympathy, and a wish that he should ‘be something.’ This being something, his mother did not believe in. *Not* to be hungry and cold was in itself a ‘being.’ I gave him my address in town, and told him to come and see me; that perhaps I could be of use to him.

“Well—he went on his way—and I went back to the village. In the variety of my own occupations, as is almost always the case, the wants of others, of Jack Langton, did not once occur to me—or if at all, but momentarily. He did not come to my house, and I was in a fair way to forget him altogether, when I saw him one day carrying in wood. He seemed to wish to keep out of my way. In an instant I remembered the boy, and took him home. He said that he had found no encouragement—no opportunity of any kind. What few little drawings he had seemed to excite no interest, and he found himself glad to do ‘chores’ to keep off hunger and cold. I was able to get him into a painter’s rooms—for I cannot call him artist—and there he continued for a time.

“Here these notes end,” said Mr. Langton. “I remember well the walk that he had with me—how my heart gradually sunk, after we parted, as I thought of the difficulties which lay in my way. But youth and health—the fine, clear sunshine—gradually reassured me, and I went on more hopefully. It is not worth while to tire you with minuteness; however, I did go to his house, but did not find him. Then I thought it was likely that he had forgotten all about it, and would perhaps put me off with words, as all had so far.

“With this painter I worked away, grinding colors, and slowly gaining some manual practice. When I went there, I was in a kind of Elysian world. His own pictures seemed grand, so far beyond any I had seen; but he had some very good engravings, and these soon took my attention. I learned from them that he was a laborious artizan, and my regard for him gradually passed away. I began to paint for myself—to imitate, if not to emulate, what I saw. In proportion as I undervalued my master, I over-

valued myself. This soon made disputes between us, and we parted.

“Despising the careful, matter of fact manner of this man, I determined to give *my* genius a wide field. This, I was convinced, was the secret of art. I spread out into the regions of fancy and imagination. Gods and angels, men and demons, were all used freely to convey powerfully some feeble thought. In landscapes, I wished to work easily. I thought I saw in engravings indications of effects which were produced with a single touch—and this I attempted. I believed myself capable of all things; that art came out from genius—not study. As I had a knack at likenesses, I could have made, in a very short time, very good progress in portrait painting; but this I neglected as below the region where I intended to fly. I contrived to live—how, I cannot now see—for I valued my pictures at high prices; and I do not remember that any one, excepting some few young men of my own age, ever spoke well of them. I cursed the undescerning public, who would spend their money in gay, sign-board pictures, rather than encourage “high” art. So I determined upon a great picture, which should impress the world, if it was impressible. It was a sublime burlesque, and was ridiculed and mocked. I was sulky, and then reckless; grew careless in every thing, and came very near going to the devil. Then I determined that the stupid and unjust public should have enough of it;—so I painted gay pictures, full of colors. These met with a little more success. I suppose they were the most dreadful of danbs, for I had no great opinion of them myself. But as the public did not seem to be cast down with my ridicule of their want of taste, I was led to question whether there was not a possibility that,

some how, we misunderstood one another,—if not to doubt my own theories.

“About this time I began to read, and I remember that, in some place, I met with this: ‘That, if we except Shakespeare, no lasting impression has been made upon the world by any man who has not passed a large part of his life in painful study of books and men. This applies to poets, painters, statesmen, architects, machinists,—to all, indeed, who have made one step in advance of the world.’

“I read history, and here I gained immensely. As far as possible, I got a knowledge of manners, dresses, modes of life, of different peoples and times. I began to feel the want of books, of pictures, of knowledge;—of what art had done, and what it had attempted. All libraries that I had access to were lamentably deficient, and I groped slowly along. My pictures now were entirely changed;—having begun to doubt myself, I became nervous—overworked, and touched and retouched every thing, until it became feeble and miserable. About this time I was in distress for the means of living. Health, too, had been neglected. I doubted myself—art—every thing. Very unexpectedly, one of my pictures was sold for some twenty dollars. I recollect it well, that when the bookseller told me, I shivered from head to foot—my pulses seemed to cease for an instant. This was a fortune to me, and gave me hope again.

““An artist should study the works of nature,—should lift the veil,—should become familiar with her outward and inward operations,—should practice with eye, heart, and hand. Let him spend a year among trees, rocks, and fields;—let him study particular objects, and out of simple things endeavor to make complete pictures;—let him understand vegetable physiology, geology. Let him observe the motions of men in a simple state of life,—observe

carefully how mind animates matter,—how the spirit of God every where appears. If he can make use of these in art,—reconstruct, reproduce, touch, as with an electric point, the soul of others,—he is an artist.

“These remarks, I think, had a considerable influence on the course which I now took. Several of my pictures, unaccountably, found purchasers. It was a little mysterious, and left me perplexed; but it enabled me to pay what few debts I had, and to leave the city.

“I walked into the country and hired myself to a farmer, whose appearance seemed good, to work for him every day until dinner time, for my living. The afternoons I spent mostly out of doors,—in making sketches of inanimate nature, at first; afterward of animals, and then of men: with all these, I took great pains. I tried to combine the two things which I had carried to excess, “freedom and accuracy.” I took some interest in botany;—much in the changes of the seasons, of the weather, and of the varying forms of clouds. Gradually I began to see the secret influences of light and shade—of atmospheres, and to practice upon them.

“I recovered my tone of body and mind, made some friends, and began to study characters—to observe faces—their physiognomy. It became a pleasure to me to go to the country church. The conscious gallantries, which were most certainly awkward,—the Sunday coquetry,—the little condescensions of the ‘well to do’ simple piety of the true and earnest,—all pleased and interested me.

“With a collection of sketches, which was really valuable to a young artist, I returned to the city after a year’s absence. I did not now attempt to make pictures upon a theory—neither did I think to copy the colors of nature. Having a purpose in every picture, I made that as

expressive and true as my own conception and experience allowed me, and endeavored, as far as possible, to reach 'style,' — the 'universal,' — what *all men* would recognize, and *to some extent* value. My landscapes (I painted only these) sold readily. To a greater or less extent, the meaning and intention which I had was understood. But before I knew it I had run into a 'manner' of painting, and my pictures bore a general resemblance, in composition and handling, which was plain to a superficial observer. I was no way satisfied. 'T was at this period that I saw a Magdalen, supposed to be by Guido;—the recollection of it is very distinct, even now. It first suggested to me what was possible in a picture—the presentation of an individual, clear and distinct, yet clothed with the universal character of humanity.

"I began to think of the Italian schools of art,—to believe that no excellence could be gained without a contemplation of the great masters. To know what had been done was now a necessity, and the probability that my ideas, which I fondly believed to be new, and the true end and object of art, were really but the alphabet,—that I was taking my own ideas, new to me, as new to all,—when, in fact, they were upon the mere threshold of art, was an incubus which I could not shake off. These feelings grew upon me, and weakened my energy,—preyed upon my spirits. I sat in my room, sometimes for an entire day, without much mental or bodily effort. There was need of some stimulus—an alterative. It came in the shape of an inclosure of a thousand dollars,—requesting me to consider it as a loan, to be repaid when called for, *without interest*—in pictures, or as it pleased me; advising that I should spend some time abroad, in the study and contemplation of art and artists.

“I set about preparing for this undertaking, and informed myself, as far as possible, as to what I was to see and to learn. I met with this remark in one of the works I consulted:—

“It is of but little use for the uninstructed to contemplate the highest style in works of art, philosophy, or mechanics; except, that it may excite a feeling of wonder, or a desire to know more, and so a spirit of inquiry be induced. To comprehend, to appreciate, to enjoy such, the man must have educated himself,—in senses and soul,—must have felt in some degree what the artist did—have suffered as he suffered, and risen as he rose. Sometimes the sight of such a work will suddenly chrysalize in the mind what was until then formless and undefined.”

“The most of three years I spent in Italy, and in this way. I visited the finest collections, and, after a careful survey, selected what seemed to me the highest. I compared these again, and so reduced the number which I believed contained the essences for which I was in search. Upon these I spent my time—not in copying them—but cautiously, carefully, proceeding with an analysis of the parts, referring them to the ‘idea,’—the whole, which I believed the artist to have conceived;—making drawings of the different parts, so as to understand the practice of those men. Coloring I did not attempt. I satisfied myself that no copying of an artist’s color would answer a purpose,—this must come from each man’s harmonious sense. But light, and shade, and tone,—to these I gave much attention. The earnestness with which I was engaged kept me (if nothing else would have done it) from falling into the idle ways which so many young men consider artistic. I found it the easiest thing to persuade myself, when I

was tempted to loiter away a fine day on the hills, that it was in the pursuit of art; but I could not so easily persuade myself at night that I had caught it.

“In the Sistine chapel, I met and talked with an old man who seemed, so often had I seen him there, to be an habitu  of the place. He said this to me:—

“‘I have looked at art in all its forms,—have compared it with the teachings and life of Christ, for years. For eighteen centuries this life, these teachings, have been acting upon mankind; yet it is rare to find a man formed by them,—their influence is but faintly traced upon nations. When these shall have molded, to a greater or less degree, each man’s life, ART will appear in a higher form,—as much more exalted than art at the present day, as His life was above ours.’”

After a pause, in which Mr. Langton seemed lost in thought, he continued.

“It was near the time of my leaving Italy that I married. Julia, whom you have seen, is my only child; with her, after a few years’ residence in two of our large cities, I came up here. The poison of the present civilization, I found, was creeping into her veins, as well as into my own.” (See Plate VIII.)

“I never saw such a perfect little child,” said Grace. “She told me that you did not wish her to read—will you tell me why?”

“Until her character is in some considerable degree formed, and able to resist the approach of evil, I would not expose her to the books of the present day, so many of which are full of sophistry and affectation. She will come up more slowly, but it will be in health.”

“But,” said Grace, “she will be exposed to the temptations

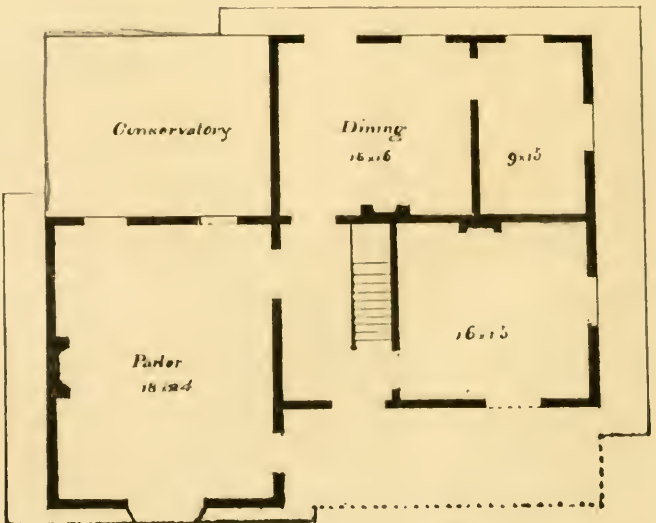
of the world; and if she knows nothing of them, how will she protect herself?"

"She does know them," he said; "I have endeavored to make her understand evil in its nakedness, and in its robes of light. In all ways I wish that she shall grow; and her own purity will be a test, which even now would protect her. I would trust her perceptions of character much sooner than my own."

"I hope, then," said Grace, "she will like me."

"Will you tell me," asked Ned, "if you have ever learned who it was that inclosed you the money? I would like to take the man by the hand."

"Yes—I knew him intimately, and I have reason to believe that he kept a watch upon me for a number of years. It was most likely he who purchased some of my earlier pictures, when I was about to give way, and the extract which I read you was from him. He never exacted any sacrifices, as a show of gratitude,—never patronized in an offensive way,—took no merit to himself for what I may have done. In the morning I will show you his portrait, which I persuaded him to allow me to make for my own use. To-morrow, if you will walk into the other room, you can see it."



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE VIII.

SCALE — SIXTEEN FEET TO ONE INCH.

What might have been the picture room, according to the story, is here the parlor,—having a pleasant conservatory connected with it, by double doors, one of them of glass.

It will be easily seen that this wing may be left off, from the main house, without destroying its completeness.

A fire place may be made in the small room connected with the dining room, or a stove may enter the parlor flue, so as to make the room serve the purposes of a kitchen. Every one will rearrange to suit his own views.

The weather boarding is six to eight inch flooring; battled with strips one and a half inch wide, and half an inch thick.

Where building is cheap, it will cost \$1,400; should not cost over \$1,800.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the morning, after breakfast, they went to look at the pictures which hung in what would have been the parlor of a common dwelling house, but which was arranged with screens and sky-lights so as to be of use for a painting room. When they entered, Mr. Langton was standing by the window with Julia in his arms; her hand was laid upon his cheek. He placed her upon the floor, and as he had taken his breakfast by himself, he kissed Grace upon the forehead, and putting his hand around her (as she said, quite in a cousinly way), showed her the pictures and curiosities.

A few handsome dresses, weapons, pipes, and other trifles hung upon the walls with the pictures, which were but few in number: a landscape of Gainsborough's—a small picture in the manner of Wouverman's—a head by one of the Spanish painters—two magnificent water colors, one of Strasburg Minster, the other a deep eyed girl in armor, sometimes called “a Joan of Arc”—also, the purest marble head of a cherub, and a half-size bronze of the present day—an Amazon, whose horse is attacked by a tiger. In these, with the portrait already mentioned, the “collection,” if it can be called by so large a name, consisted.

Grace stood long before the girl in armor—and was unwilling to leave the picture. Whilst to Ned, the picture of the “friend” had peculiar attraction. Every time

he looked, it seemed to change its expression. With the mouth, he saw a firm, perhaps hard man; but then the eyes tempered the character to sweetness. The nostril was a little distended, but the forehead was as calm as a still lake—unmarked by a wrinkle—though in the beard and hair very distinct shades of gray were seen. The complete expression of the head, it would be impossible to describe. It seemed raised and elevated above worldliness, yet entirely sympathetic and susceptible to the smallest wants of man, or influences of nature. It was one of those works of art which you do not at first dream of criticising.

In the conversation which grew out of the pictures, Mr. Langton said—

“Almost all persons point out the real or fancied defects of these works. Now I know very well, much better than they do, what they are; but I do not take pleasure in dwelling upon them. A work of art, if it is worth criticising at all, is worth it *because of its beauties*.”

This seemed to Grace a very agreeable way of criticising, which, however, Uncle John said would be more popular with the artist than the public.

“For,” said he, “it is a great satisfaction to us to think that these men, whose names we spread abroad in the newspapers, are great simpletons, after all; which it required *our* critical acumen to discover—and yet their errors are so plain that it is strange that every one should not have seen them at once!”

After an hour spent among the pictures, they set about the necessary preparations for departure. Mr. Langton insisted that they would leave in better heart after a sardine and a biscuit, with a glass of wine—of which there could be no question.

They parted, mutually pleased, and as they rode slowly down the mountain, Grace said—"I think, above all the rest, I am the most interested in the little Julia—and I hardly know what to think of her."

Ned expressed his admiration for Mr. Langton, and was greatly struck with his apparently complete knowledge of the world and men, united with great simplicity.

"Possibly," said Grace, "you have a *fellow* feeling for this simplicity, which some persons might call by a harder name. For myself, I was somewhat mystified with his simplicity. How is it, Uncle John?"

Uncle John said in reply—

"Mr. Langton's life has nearly completed the circle—which indeed, to some degree (more or less perfect), takes place in all things. He has gone from the simplicity and faith of childhood, which is instinctive, through doubt and denial; has passed the lands of the Philistines; and now has reached the promised land—at least, looks upon it. He believes, and acts upon his beliefs—pretending to nothing more—has that simplicity which comes out of reason—out of experience. The man who cannot reach these through the trials and temptations of the world, only half lives here, whatever he may arrive at in another state of existence. With the outward revelation, there must be, also, an inward one, which is as complete as the other."

"I want to know," said Grace, "what you think, Uncle John, of the little Julia? Do you think well of that way of education?"

"It is out of the common experience," he said, "and most likely has advantages. I should think that when she comes to mingle with the world, she will be so unaccustomed to the self-seeking, and imperfections of those whom she meets, that she will become impatient—will

be likely to return upon herself, and grow cold and unsympathetic; unless she has capacity to learn and understand quickly."

"That, I am sure she has," said Grace.

"But see," said Ned, "how the storm of yesterday has strewed the road with branches; and good, stout rocks have come down. It would not have been pleasant, after all, to have been exposed in this place."

"I might have had something beside a wetting, Ned," said Grace, "if I had not ridden as fast as I did?"

"Possibly"—he replied—"and as I shall not hear the last of my advice soon, it is a pity you did not have an escape—something to make an incident of. Suppose now, as with some of Cooper's heroines, a tree had fallen and swept off your bonnet?"

"And your horse's tail, Ned—but that would have been really serious—considering how little there is of it."

"Do you make an unkind cut at the brevity of my horse's tail?" asked Ned. "Consider that it is the soul of wit, even of yours—are you answered?"

"Not silenced," said Grace—"I'll have the last word, if I die for it. It is but a horse-tail and should be given to the wind—as it fared with those of the Pachas. They loosed their horse-tails to the wind—and this reminds me, as Mrs. Nickleby would say, that it is a great pity more tales are not lost in the same way."

"Between you," said Uncle John, "you are like to make as bad work of it as the Kilkenny cats did—tails will be all there is left. Ned, you had better follow the example of the 'moon,'—which you remember "*took up* its wondrous tale"—and move on a little more quickly."

"En avant," said Ned.

"Not so," said Grace, dashing past him—"follow *me!*"

"What the devil has got into them?" said Uncle John to himself. "There they go—there 'll be mischief—we shall have a 'tale of blood' in 'the end—out of this.' Tom never would forgive me, if any thing should happen to either of them. I should not forgive myself, for that matter," said he as he galloped slowly along. After riding a mile, thinking it more than likely that Grace's horse had become unmanageable, he came upon them, dismounted under a broad oak tree—and with them found one of our traveling tin-box traders, called pedlars. Grace was rigged out in a multitude of glass beads and horn combs, while Ned was crowned with a buff cap, and had tied a red cravat around each leg.

"Stand back!" said he, as Uncle John came up. "Shall dung-hill curs confront the Helicons!"

"Stop, Ned," said Grace, "let the warder sound a blast. *Now* let the slave enter!"

"Foul catiff," said Ned, "what would you in the presence of royalty? do you presume to wear a horse, too!—Know, that the eyes of kings kill."

"What would you, common person?" said Grace, in a small voice, quite in the style of the delicate queens of savage kings. "The quality of our justice is n't strained; but I pledge you a word which was never broken, that you shall be heard."

"If you speak loud," said Ned.

"I speak," said Uncle John, "but I tremble. I seek, oh magnificent *vice-gerents*, my two lost children."

"Did you not *abandon* them in a wood, like a perfidious *uncle*, so that you could get their *money*?" said Ned, bending his brows..

"Speak," said Grace, "we will try to hear you; but in truth you have the *look* of a 'perfidious uncle.'"

"Beautiful princess—they left *me*," said he, "alone—in my old age—a prey to unavailing regrets."

"We fear greatly," said the queen, "that you have been bad. There is yellow in your eyes. Question him further, most sublime majesty."

"We know," said the king, "that you left *them* in the wood—left them far in advance of you—that you allowed yourself to sink into a lethargy—a vile lethargy. Our divine instincts are good—we always follow them. A voice within us cries that you have done this! also, that we are very hungry—also, that you have some money with you. We can restore your children only upon condition that you give it all up to us. Being an *uncle*—a perfidious uncle—you must expect to suffer."

"I do," said he, calling the pedlar to him. "How much damage have *you* suffered from these young—very young persons?"

The amount being made up, the pedlar refusing to take back the handkerchiefs, they rode on,—leaving him with his mouth, as well as his eyes, open, in the excitement of wonder;—such wares had not come in his way before.

"Confess, uncle," said Grace, "that you have heard some wholesome truths, which will last you for life."

"Wholesale falsehoods, Gracie; after which I trust I may 'die soon,' which would be goot."

"How—good?" asked Grace.

"Mr. Delluc, a Frenchman, in the city," said Uncle John, "used very often to come and talk with me;—sometimes about dying, of which he had a mortal's fear. 'I like to die soon,' he said one day,—'no wait and wait—and sick and sick. My father he take his pipe in his mout one morning, and go into the garden and he die dare—die *soon*; dat was goot.'"

"And I'll tell you," said Ned, "a story about a man who did not die, but whose brother did. Now this brother left him a good deal of property, but in various forms,—so that he had courts, and accounts, and business of one kind and another to trouble him, until he quite lost his patience one day, and said to me, "I declare this property gives me a deal of trouble, and sometimes—I almost wish my brother had n't have died."

"And I'll tell you one," said Grace, "of a French gentleman, who, coming in with a sad visage, was asked, what was the matter? 'Why,' sa he, 'my fader—he die dis morning, and I am very—dissatisfy!'"

"Well," said Uncle John, "we had better push along a little more briskly; we shall not reach our tavern until late."

"Tavern!" said Grace, "are we to stop at a tavern—a country tavern?"

"A demnition low place?" lisped Ned.

"Suppose, Grace," replied her uncle, "we call it a 'hostel,' and we, being 'knights and ladies,' ride up toward the close of the day, and halloo and bawl, for the 'house' to come and take our horses,—*that* would be perfectly satisfactory; so like what it was in the good, old times."

"Well," said she, "I've no doubt, being a woman, that I am wrong, and this will be the most charming retreat in the world,—all buttermilk and lavender—and whisky."

"Here it is," said Uncle John, as, turning the point of a hill, the swinging sign, standing at the head of a street of houses, indicated it. "Such as it is, I commend it to you."

The landlord, who was sitting upon a bench under the piazza, slowly got up, as they stopped, and came toward them, pushing his spectacles under his hat.

"Why, who 'd a thought o' seeing *you* here!" he said, as he shook Uncle John by the hand.

"What—aint you dead yet?" said Uncle John, in reply.

"Got your wife and son with you, I s'pose?" helping Grace to alight. "Dead? no—just beginning to pick up. I should n't wonder if I was to get a young wife myself."

"Though you have one not young now?" said Uncle John.

"True, I forgot that. Well, come in,—come in. Here, Bob, take the horses."

He showed Grace up stairs himself, although she had seen the anxious faces of two women prying at her from behind a curtain. She was really pleased with the neatness and comfort. From her windows she could see the winding and dashings of the small stream, and, far off, farms and cultivation. She found, when she wanted it, that there was no water; and, opening a back door of her room, she asked a girl whom she saw there if she could bring her some.

"I s'pose so," she said; "but I should think there was the spring!" And as she went flying down stairs, Grace could hear her saying,—half to herself and half to her,—
"Jim Miller says, time and time again, that all men is born free and equal, except the niggers,—and certain, I'd as lives be a nigger as stay here."

As she returned, she halted at each door to assert to herself the dignity of her birth, and at last swashed down a bowl of water by Grace's door.

"Bless me!" thought Grace, "these people have the virtue of neatness, but it is not united with any wish to make *other* folks comfortable." So, hunting in her port-manteau, she found a handkerchief upon which she dried her face and hands.

In the evening, she suggested to Ned that they should take a walk, as Uncle John had some inquiries to make.

"By the banks of Lugar's murmuring stream?—a little disposed to be sentimental, I fear."

"No," said Grace. "not that; sentiment is not in vogue."

"Confessed sentiment is not; call a woman by some soft name, and she will laugh in your face," said Ned. "But let her suppose that she has a restraining influence upon you,—confuse her a little with words about destiny,—compliment her, but laugh at it *first* yourself,—and, trust me, you are successful."

"Why, Ned," said Grace, "do you practice this upon me? Sentiment and poetry are rather soft food for a hungry people. But there are times when I feel that there will yet be better poetry than has ever been written;—even than Shakspeare's! Every body *writes* poetry—women do n't seem to do much beside."

"Yes," said Ned, "but perhaps all this is pavement for the golden chariot of the great poet whom you expect to come out of the clouds."

"I do n't expect to be laughed at Ned, now, if I do talk nonsense; but this is not nonsense."

In this and other talk an hour slipped quickly by, for in the moonlight, with kind hearts, and youth, the swift footed time passes noiselessly.

Uncle John learned from Brintnall, the landlord, that good trout still swam in the brook; that good "cock" still fed in the marshes. "Though, to tell the truth," said he, "I do n't go out much. I've 'slaved and slaved' here for so many years, that now I must rest."

In fact, Brintnall had never in his life gone out of a slow and peaceful walk, except at such times as he was

anxious to get up to the dogs, who were standing upon a woodcock or a snipe.

Uncle John ascertained what he wished to know of the small piece of land lying near there, which he went to survey the next morning, and then listened to the talk of those who had collected about the door in the evening, which turned mostly upon politics.

Says one, "There 's too many taxes,—taxes for every thing—schools, roads, churches. In my opinion, the candidate 'had ought' to be pledged to go against taxes."

Says another, "You 'll have to break up this bankin' system. It 's at the bottom of all the hard times (the speaker was quite young); before the bankin' system came up, you never heard of hard times."

A third, "No, there 's too much bad governin'. The rulin' 's all in the hands of the democrats,—they and the lawyers has every thing."

"Well," says another, "I go for liberty, by George. Let every man do as he 's a mind to, and you 'll have no complaint."

"No, sir," said one, "folks do too much as they 're a mind now. Let the ignorant come in and vote, and you 'll see a fuss. No, the only sure way to make every thing go right, is to reduce the voters."

(In reply.) "'Liberty,' I say, liberty,—give a man liberty, and you give him every thing."

"So," said Uncle John, "you are a thorough-going libertine?"

"Yes, by George, that 's what I *am*, and that 's what I *will* be."

The landlord whispered to Uncle John, "there aint one of these fellows that half does what he undertakes; yet they think, if they could have more banks, or less taxes,

or *something*, every thing would be as soft as silk, and as smooth as oil."

Some one asked, "Who was to be the candidate?"

Another says, "Old Derwent,—if there's any thing in managin' and money."

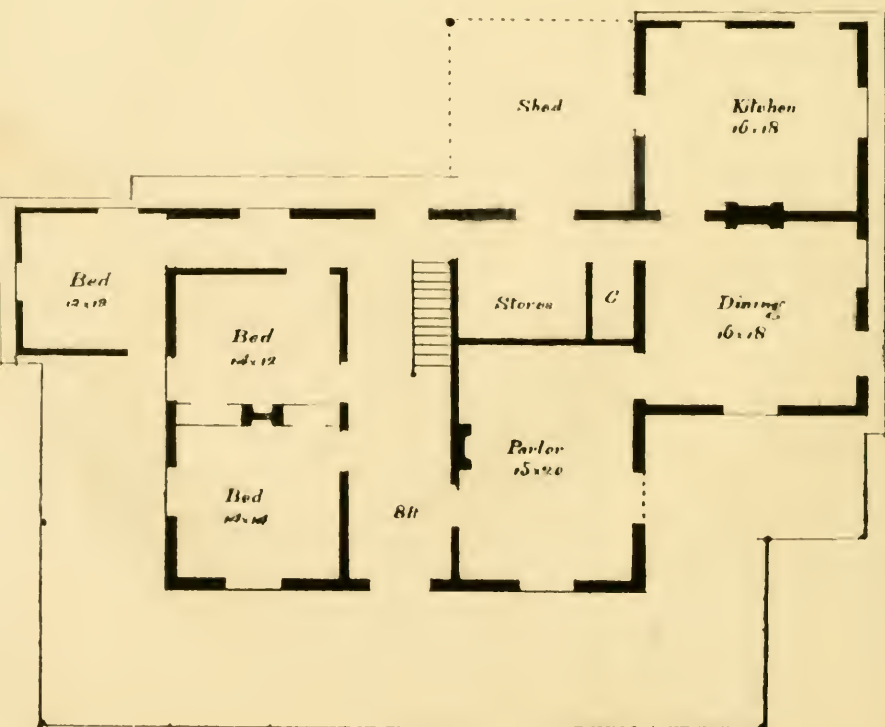
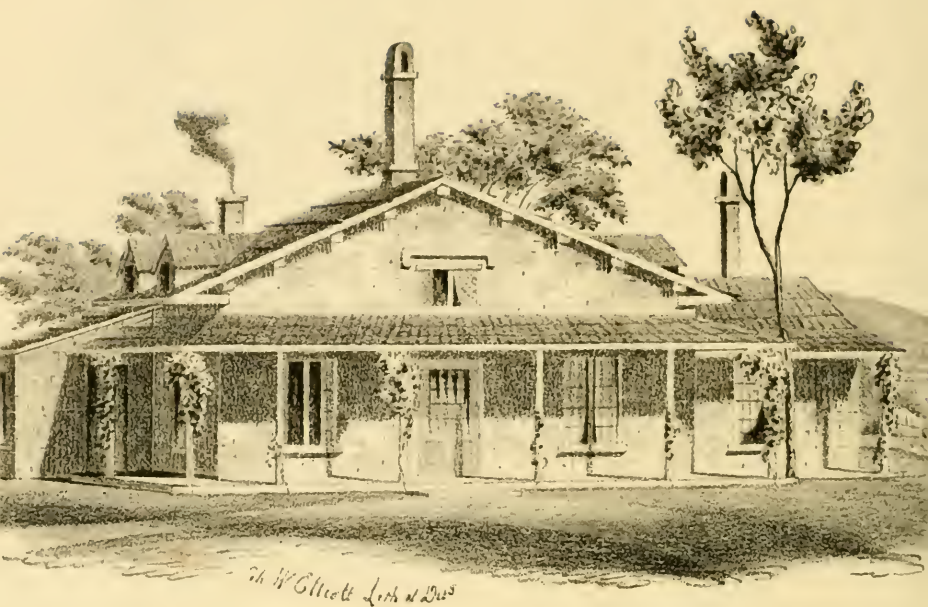
"Every thing in it," said Uncle John.

"Well," said Brintnall, "if it's to vote for such fellows as that, I do n't care how soon my vote is taken away; for I sha'n't use it."

"Every man's duty to vote," said the *young* man; "keep the ballot box pure, and everything's safe. It's a privilege that the 'British' do n't enjoy."

"Get old Derwent into the ballot box, and it'll be damn'd pure," said another.

And so it went on.



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE IX.

The general design of this house was taken from Mr. Tudor's, at Nahant, some years since. Whether or not it bears a close resemblance, I cannot now recollect. It is built of stone, and the roofs have a very rich effect, from being covered with strips of bark.

The internal arrangement is not at all based upon Mr. Tudor's, though it may resemble it. The passageway leading to the small bed room on the left may be dispensed with, if preferred; which will make the bedroom (now fourteen feet by twelve) fourteen by fifteen feet six inches. The small bed room, then might be entered from the piazza; or be used as a dressing or children's room.

A private stairway may be made, if desired, by taking up a part of what, in this plan, is used for the store room.

Three bed rooms can be made under the roof, letting them run into the windows, which should be made broad and large, say, five or six feet wide. This gives a ceiling, below, of twelve feet, and, above, of eight feet. In all cases where the rooms run into the roof, an arrangement for the ventilation above the ceiling should be provided. The lower rooms being so much shaded, it is desirable to make the windows, say, four feet broad.

Estimate, of wood (in each plan), \$2,200.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Now, Grace," said Uncle John, as they mounted their horses in the morning, "a good ride to-day will bring us, toward night, to the camp ground. We can spend the evening there, and that will be over with."

"I have a great curiosity," she answered, "to be present; but really I do feel as though we might be intruders."

"Compared with some who go as lookers on," said Ned, "we are angels."

"And it's their intention, I suppose, to take us unawares?"

"Why, if no wicked people went, I suppose that one great end would be lost. It would be no object to make a pow-wow over the souls of the good."

We will pass over the day's ride, which contained no particular matter of interest.

The moon did not rise until late, so darkness was upon the face of the earth, as they came near to the camp ground. They had passed and been passed by all sorts of foot passengers, and all sorts of vehicles, the numbers of which increased as they approached. Occasionally a loud whoop, or yell, from some load of boys and water melons, startled both Grace and her horse, and she began to suspect that she might be paying dear for her curiosity. Through the trees, now, she could see the glimmering of the light, and could hear the hum—the sound which rises like a mist from a great multitude; and above it, she

could hear the blowing of the horns, which she was told was the signal for beginning.

On every hand, articles for sale were exposed—mostly such as could be eaten and drunk. Good humored parties were about, and many couples strolled among the high and leafy trees—some, no doubt, in the incipient stages of flirtation—some, more advanced; all around lay the dim wood; and the lights were fitful, the senses impressed, the imagination excited. They left their horses and walked into the inclosure formed by the board tents;—there, a large audience were attentive to a man whose weak voice and person did not indicate the strength that lay in him. As his words rose, and his gestures became impassioned, he poured out his “stream of exhortation,” and the listeners answered him with loud and fervent shouts. When he sat down, the prayer began in a low voice—it began with the earnest tones of abject contrition, or of stirring sympathy—it displayed the convicted sinner—the speaker tore open his own heart, and his voice exhausted itself in the loud sympathy of his listeners.

“Let’s go away,” said Grace, taking hold of Uncle John; but one of the voices said, “sing,” and a hundred others joined him in swelling the volume of praise. The clear tones of the exhorter followed—inviting, encouraging, emboldening all to enter—warning the uncertain, sustaining the weak—and thus, bowed to the earth, the penitent—the imprisoned spirits—in sighs, groans, hysterical shrieks, mingled with the prayers, the hymns, the stirring tones of the declaimer—struggled to be free.

Ned could hardly believe his eyes when he saw, as earnest as any, Jim Haskill. Once in every year he gave himself up to these influences. He heard him say to a gray-headed man, wiping his eyes—“Jesus is good. Some-

times I forget it; but it comes on to me stronger again. Glory! how I love the Lord. If you'd read the bible, and see what good things there is all over, in the rivers and in the woods, you'd think as I do." If such a spirit as his was thus worked upon—the sufferings of weak nerves and strong imaginations can be supposed. Later in the night, the meetings were held by small numbers in separate inclosures. In these, the exhibitions were sometimes frightful.

These scenes had been very impressive to Grace, who had never seen any thing like it. The moon poured a flood of light over the tall maples, as they prepared to leave for their quarters. Quite unexpectedly they came upon Harry Derwent, in close conversation with a young woman. She walked quickly away, and he joined them.

"Delightful evening, Miss Ellison?"

"I suppose it is," Grace answered, "but I am so frightened that I am not sure. But do you, so gallant a man, allow the lady to walk about here alone?"

"Oh, it's quite safe—particularly for persons of position. She's of one of the first families."

"Of Virginia, I suppose?" Ned added.

"She has very much the look and air of Haskill's daughter," said Uncle John.

Perhaps, if it had been daylight, some little confusion might have been seen in Mr. Derwent's handsome face. But he added—

"She's taller and more stylish—bolder."

"This last is one of the attributes, I believe, of the first families?" suggested Ned.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Derwent said, not noticing the slight dryness. "There is a certain something which always distinguishes them."

"But your mother is here, I suppose?" inquired Uncle John. He had seen her among the most devoted, soon after his arrival.

"No—oh, no, sir—she does not frequent such places."

Why she did not "frequent such places," remains a mystery to this day, unless she belonged to one of the second families, and was therefore not admissible. Uncle John had had suspicions of Mr. Derwent—had never shown any disposition to meet his advances; and he was now sure of his having perpetrated one unnecessary and poor lie—and he suspected him of more than that.

They separated—one party to reach their lodgings—and Derwent, no doubt, to meet some high-toned lady. One thing, however, is certain; that night he stole away the handsome, and half-witted Bessy.

CHAPTER XXIII.



THE next morning, having ridden for some way in silence, Ned, whose thoughts had been running upon the camp-meeting, said rather suddenly —

“Uncle John — what do you think of religion?”

He laughed.

“You might as well ask me what I think of mankind? If I were to make an answer as short as your question, I should say — not much!”

“Well, you have heretofore? Were you ever religious?”

“Why, Ned, this is presuming that I am not now.”

“You never speak of it?”

“It is not necessary. If a man has any religion he can act it, and be quiet.”

“It may be called a *universal* rule,” continued Uncle John, “that the more noise a man makes about it, the less he has of it. There is a wordy, windy set of folks, who need to be put to death. Their bellys are full with shucks—they are invulnerable to any thing but hanging, and capital punishment ought to be reserved for them alone. Christianity must and will succeed in spite of them—of Popery—and of Calvinism.”

“Why Uncle John,” said Ned, “you don’t blaze much, but seem to be hot. If neither of those will answer, there are various isms to wash the world and make it enjoy itself.”

"All these isms leave out, or propose to call the selfishness, the egoism, under which we suffer, a good quality—hoping thus to make it so. They do not propose a "*change*" of heart; but on the contrary, to make the spirit of man do what the spirit of Christ only can. It seems to me idle. The natural man is not good. Nature herself, in all ways, is unkind. You are frozen in one part, melted in another! Bugs will eat you in this place; lions in that! Hurricanes blow down your houses here; and mildew spoil your gooseberries there! The earth yields only to blows, and the will of man, like the rest, must be plowed and harrowed to make it mellow. Every man must fight himself, and let him be about it. Nature is very sweet in poetry; but she is not kind—her balmy skies, and velvet turfs, are a cheat—the one, my boys, will wet your head, and the other spoil your shoes!"

"I am not a boy," said Grace.

"It makes no difference!"

"Yes it does make all the difference in the world. I have none of their privileges, and I shall not be called, "my boys!"

"Well move your horse along, or I shall ride over him, and then what difference!"

"Oh, Uncle John, after all that new gospel—to wind up by calling me a boy—your own Grace!"

"Let there be peace between you," said Ned. "I do n't comprehend these great social evils which all the world is agog about."

"You are young yet."

"So Mr. Wilson informed me; and I suppose it's that which ails me—still time will cure it."

"So it will these great social evils," said Uncle John.

"There is one comfort," said Grace—"we are out of the

way of those helpless cases of suffering, with which the city was so full."

"There are more of them in this little village of Mastewan, to our right, than you know of."

Within an hour after these talks, they entered the yet unfenced woods near their home. 'T was just at twilight, that Ned was surprised by a man, who started up from the root of a tree, saying—

"Give me money!"

Ned raised the handle of his whip to defend himself, as he thought, from a bold robber. Uncle John seized his arm, and pointing to the ghastly face—"Stop one moment," said he, "you see, my man, it will not be easy to rob us; but are you sick?" he asked, as he sunk back.

"Cold, and hungry—and alone."

"How came you so?"

"God knows how I came so. My wife and child died. *I* was sent to the hospital. I came from it to-day, and am too weak to get work in the factory."

"But at the factory they will certainly advance you money, if they know you, which with your work you can repay."

"That's not the way factories do," he said—"there's too many idle fellows about, whom they have to look out for."

"Here," said Ned, "get on my horse; I can walk the rest of the way. We will do something for you, until you get so as to do something for yourself."

"But," said he, "you thought I wanted to rob you! If I would steal, why should n't I lie?"

"Let that pass," said Ned; "get on the horse. I was taken by surprise. We will give you a chance."

The great tears rolled down this man's face, as he rode

slowly on with them, for he was too weak to walk—and as Grace saw him overcome, with fasting and suffering, her fears gave way to sympathy. Uncle John said—“You see, Grace, that quite near home there *may* be cases of distress. Suppose we are imposed upon occasionally? It is a pitiful theory that will never do an act of kindness, because it *may* sometimes do one of injustice—encourage impostors! The poor and miserable are not the only pretenders!”

“Well, here we are at home,” said Grace, “and there surely stands Uncle Tom on the porch. I can see him—‘a portly man, i’ faith.’”

She jumped from her horse, and went quickly to him. Ned put the horses in charge of the boy, while he himself saw their sick man provided for.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FEW nights after their return, Grace was waked by the bursting of brass instruments under her window:—“A noise,” as John said, “as if all the sackbuts in scripture had broke loose.” This seemed to be the prelude—the awakening of the soul for the song which followed.

“I would love like the bird of the silver note,*

Would love over earth and sea;—

Alone on the gilded wave would float—

Alone, my love, with thee.

I would woo with the voice of the turtle dove,—

With the glance of the evening star—

That lights in my soul a record of love,

Which time can nor fade nor mar.

I would wed with the fairest of earthly fair,—

Would offer her wealth of the mine,—

Of the soul—of the heart—of the sea, and air,

That my life with hers might entwine.”

The clarionet and trombone then struck up, as if in commendation, or, perhaps, to cover the silence which must follow a song,—even if well sung. Uncle Tom raised his window, and, making his voice heard, growled out to them:

* What bird?

"Stop your crashing, or I'll shoot into you. Is it nothing to disturb one's night's rest? You will oblige me if you will go away."

This not being in any sense a flattering reception, the party stole quietly away,—though Derwent was heard to call him "a damned old hulks."

"Had I better let fly into the flock, squire?" said Haskill under the window.

"What, Jim, you here too? What's got into you all to-night? Why are you not at home, and abed?"

"Home's a purty word, squire; but I have tried it to-night, and it wont do. What would you do up there without your brown-haired Grace? Shootin' would be of no use;—no, no. Alone! It's not good to be alone." His old pointer put his nose into the hand which hung by his side. "Ah, Bob, you stick by me. You see, squire, I've took up a new business: I carry this old shootin' iron round, because I'm use to it; but I do n't shoot,—I wait on Derwent, Harry—it's slow work, but it'll pay in time. Well, I'll go,—good night;—the owls is out. I never shot an owl in my life,—good night."

"Good night," said Uncle Tom, as he let his window drop.

"Good night, Jim," said Grace, from her half-opened window.

He made no reply, but walked swiftly on, and some tears squeezed themselves from his long eyes. Jim was human, like the rest of us, and a desolate and desperate man. What ties he had with mankind, were snapped by this desertion of Bessy, in whom all his affection and care centered. She existed only for him, and to him; and at this very time it is likely that no one, except himself and Derwent, knew any thing of her abduction. He had

made inquiries for her, and satisfied himself that Derwent had led her away;—he, too, then disappeared from the campground, and had not been seen in the neighborhood until now, when he reappeared at midnight upon Derwent's track. In the morning, when his eyes were bloodshot, and his face lanker than ever, people said he had been upon a spree!

At the breakfast table the following morning, Grace inquired anxiously of Uncle Tom, who seemed paler and more glum than usual, "if he had been disturbed by her serenaders?"

"Not much;—though I wished them at the bottom of the river."

"Why," said Ned, "'t was Harry Derwent?"

"I can't help that; I lost the night by him."

Uncle John, who knew better where the trouble lay, turned the conversation to the business difficulties which threatened.

Uncle Tom went on,—“that things were not as in his day,—how young men began where old ones then stopped,—how nobody was willing to work and wait,—how women led their husbands on to extravagances, which, it must be confessed, were quite agreeable to them,—how, in one sense, they were all unselfish, and ruined themselves to make a show for the world.”

In the midst of a great deal of these fusty truths, which all assent to, and none believe, Grace was handed a letter, by a boy, well equipped, whom she recognized as wearing the cloth of Mr. Derwent. While Uncle Tom held forth, she read to herself—

MY DEAR MISS,

You must have divined ere this the nature of my

feelings toward you (she smiled at the originality of the opening); nothing but their intensity has prevented me from breathing them to you ere this; and now, how can words express to you the ardor of my attachment? To say that you are necessary—indispensable—to the holy and happy fulfillment of my “mission,” would be to say what you must already know. In the words of the bard whom, next to yourself, I love, “I know that I love thee, whatever thou art” (complimentary, she thought). It is only in the burning language of poetry that I can find utterance to my soul.

’Mid poetry, music, love, and odors, I would forever pass my days with thee;—would forego all the delights of ambition, power, glory, and wealth, for you, and you alone. I pray you, then, not to blight the young buds of hope, with the cool breath of denial, but to let them grow in the sunshine of your favor. The messenger waits the answer which will consign, to happiness or misery, your devoted servant,

H. THOMPSON DERWENT.

Ned had seen the changes in her face as she read over the letter;—for a proposal is an important matter to all girls, though, it must be confessed that Grace was at least twenty! He came to the back of her chair, saying, in a low voice, “A proposal—an address to his constituents, I think?”

“So, Mr. Yankee, what will you give to know?”

“Do n’t you know that I am in his confidence?”

Grace started, in a little surprise;—the “ruse” had succeeded. Ned smiled, while she slightly colored at having been caught.

Uncle Tom saw that his discourse was not much attended to, and asked—

“What’s going on?”

“Why, sir, Grace has—

“Do n’t be too sure, Ned. You know liars will be burnt up!”

“Has a proposal,—or some ‘addresses,’ whatever it is called.”

“Let’s see, Gracie.”

“You must bind yourself to secrecy? otherwise—”

“Oh! I’ll be as secret as death.”

He read the proposal through with great gravity, and having concluded, asked, putting his finger on the name, “Who is this?”

“Why, it’s plain enough, sir.”

“H. Thompson—”

“Hush! hush!” said Grace, putting her hand on his mouth.

“It’s Harry Derwent, sir,” said Ned.

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed Uncle Tom. “So, that’s the way to write the name? Well, girl, what are you going to do about it?”—for the idea of her marrying any one had not *seriously* come into his thoughts.

“Why, answer it, of course,” she replied, rather evasively, it must be allowed.

“Yes, but how? decline?”

“What would you advise?”

“I should do as I thought best.”

“I think I will,” said Grace.

While she was out of the room, Uncle Tom was lost in the idea of her leaving him, or in some way transferring herself to another. It had not, until now, seemed a serious matter. Ned was nervous and uncomfortable,—walked to the window,—and out on to the grass,—returned again:—whatever Uncle John’s thoughts, or hopes.

or fears, might have been, he showed no evidences of any.

The more Uncle Tom thought it over, the more objectionable the thing seemed to him; though, when first mentioned by old Derwent, it had not excited much speculation either way. He was gradually worked up, until he exploded—

“By the lord! there is no knowing what a woman will do.”

“I know what Grace will do,” replied Uncle John. Just then she entered the room, and, walking up to her father, whispered in his ear,—“I shall not leave you, so long as you have room.”

“God bless you!” he said, pressing her to his heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

It has been already hinted, that Ned Lee was, by degrees, coming to a distinct understanding with himself—that an occupation was desirable—but what that should be was not so definite. He had no ambition to be ranked with the armies of commerce, “ninety-three per cent. of whom either fail, or die poor;” yet the overfull professions, falsely called liberal, held out no very flattering prospects to one whose ambition or necessities were not whips to goad him. He had resolved to break the matter to Uncle Tom, who was prozing over his newspaper, and who, by the right of ascent, should have the most to say in such a matter, next to Ned himself. But Uncle Tom seemed to be in an unfavorable frame of mind.

“Confound this fellow,” said he, “he gets stupider daily. Why the devil can’t he speak out?”

“Is there any dreadful accident?” inquired Ned, who was waiting for an opportunity to mention his affairs.

“Accident, indeed! If there were, he would n’t mention it, for it might offend some of his customers.”

“Suppose I start an independent journal?” suggested Ned.

“Oh—yes—they are all independent. I want a newspaper—a journal for *news*—do you understand, sir? Is it any thing to me that this L. Cass Tompkins is, or is not, elected supervisor? Must I give my time and money to sift out the single grain of this man’s quarrel with the

"Evening World," eh, sir? I'll stop it to-morrow"—and Uncle Tom started up and pulled down his spectacles as though he would do it then. Ned thought for an instant, but concluded that this might be as good a time as any, and said—

"I have to speak with you about my own small affairs, for a few moments."

"Go on—sir," said Uncle Tom, some of his vigor and heat spending itself here; although it might at another time have seemed queer that Ned should have any affairs.

"I have proposed to myself to go to work with Dermott, at his gardening. I can learn something with him, and I am of no use here."

If one reflects for a moment, how utterly impossible it is, in such an occupation, to guard against tan; to preserve one's hands in a state of purity, with the length of nail evidently intended by Providence—how totally incongruous small boots must be—how much more "gentlemanly"—infinitely—it is to "pack" calicoes, by the light of beautiful coalgas, than to sit on the damp grass in the dewy evenings, and feel—the mosquitoes bite—and above all, as Mr. Headley himself must admit, how little likely Napoleon and his marshals, who preferred the manuring of the world in a large way—as at Waterloo—would have been to take such a step, it will not be wondered at, I think, that Uncle Tom poo-pooed and said—

"Well, sir!"

"I thought it best to speak of it to you; for whilst you would be glad to see that I did not intend always to be good for nothing—there might be some reason for delay—or—

"None in the least—good-bye. You had better take a hoe along—a man should own his tools."

There was a little sarcasm perceptible in his manner, and Ned waited a few moments for the result.

"Why do n't you go, boy? Do n't thank me—there 's Bridgeman's Assistant—you shall have that, too."

"I am waiting to say that I am a gentleman—made so by you, sir—and that raising carrots can't get it out of me."

The old man looked up, and a tear or two dropped into his shirt ruffle.

"You are right, Ned—and I am a testy old fool. But come—take my hand!"

Ned then explained himself to Uncle Tom, who still held him by the hand.

"Ned—I believe you are right. If I have ever thought you weak-jointed and incapable, I think so no longer. Now how can I help you? Shall I see Dermott? Shall I buy half his business for you?"

"No, sir," said Ned, a little moved in his turn.

"What then?"

"Leave me alone, if you will, sir!"

As Grace entered at this moment she stopped, seeing these two in this unusual condition.

"What 's happened? You look as miserable as if you were sure of salvation."

"Ned has concluded to go to heaven in his own way, and not in mine, which is quite contrary to rule."

"I am glad he has concluded to go either way—but what is it—do n't keep me standing in purgatory—you know my curiosity!"

"Ned 's going away—to live with Dermott—and I am glad of it."

"I am not. But what is this, Ned? she added, laying her hand on his arm. "You look as though you were a little ashamed of something—not going away?"

"It's even so."

"What, going away?"

"Yes."

"Why Ned, you belong to me—to all of us," correcting herself as she removed her hand. "What's to become of Billy, and the pigeons that Dr. Marshall has sent—and the bees which I am to have—and who's to read the new French books—and what's to become of me—that's the question—where am I to go?"

"Uncle John and I shall be here," said her father—"two men to one woman is liberal."

"With prospects, too," continued Ned; "but five miles is not such a vast ocean as to be impassable."

"That's true," said Grace; "but if I were governor, all servile labor and vain recreation should be permanently forbidden."

"My labor will not be servile, unless I make it so."

The next morning Ned prepared to start for Dermott's before sunrise, when Grace met him in her usual clean morning trim. They walked together to the gate, and when she left him, she handed him a note from Uncle Tom. This contained fifty dollars (strange as it may seem, 't is true), saying that such would be sent to him quarterly, for books and other such wants.

"I do n't need it," Ned said to himself, as he stuffed it into his pocket. He turned to take one more look at Grace, who strangely enough had at that moment turned to kiss her hand to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NED went on with his work with considerable interest, occasionally spending a day at the house, which he found a pleasant relaxation, even from the novelty of a new occupation. Politics, toward the close of the summer, had a good deal engrossed Uncle Tom's thoughts, and there was some danger of his adopting this bastard child of statesmanship. Ned happened to be at home one day, when Mr. Ellery and Mr. Scranton coming in, and the conversation naturally leading to politics, Mr. Ellery said —

"The statesman labors for the good of others,—the politician kills himself for his own advancement."

"Why, Ellery," replied Mr. Scranton, "a man must attend to his own interests. He who neglects his own household is worse than an infidel, you know."

"One of the most abused scriptures ever written. We choose a man out from among us to act for us—for the good of the whole,—and what a pitiful fellow is he who, instead of doing it, uses his position for paltry purposes. Whether there are enough good men among us to save us from sinking, remains to be seen. We shall probably leave our milestone on the great road of progress, and pass away, like the republics of the Greeks."

"Now, Ellery, if you begin upon the Greeks, I have done. It's of no use to talk further;—you ought to have been an Athenian Greek yourself—"

"Or a 'Ebrew Jew," suggested Uncle John.

"And how any body, whose head is so full of Fouriers, and missions, and problems of the age, as yours, can be constantly going back to those old heathens, I can't see."

"Wisdom, surely, was not born with us," said Uncle John.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Scranton. "But, to change this subject, for it is growing too heavy, for this warm morning,—how do you get on with your building, neighbor Ellison?"

"I suppose, as well as others—but I have no patience. A parcel of fellows, who have built brick stores, are determined that my house shall be a brick store; and I am determined that it shall not be one. In the first place, the foreman has moved heaven and earth to make me give up my tower (see Plate I); then, to persuade me that round arches are necessary. I tell him that I know that the masonry will make an arch of itself for so small a space. Then he says that the blocking course will hold water. I say, therefore, leave a space of two inches between it and the top of the wall. Then he don't like bay windows, and insists that the stone ought to be painted red! A house fit for the fiend himself, I should have. Look at it: no tower,—no bay windows,—no blocking course,—no piazza (for he thinks six feet is wide enough), and—red—a model house—ho! ho!"

"I should not be surprised," said Mr. Scranton, "if it should in the end prove to be 'Ellison's Folly,' as almost all of these expensive houses do."

"Why, it's a handsome house?"

"Yes, I confess, I am getting to like it pretty well."

"If it is a *good* house, also, why should it be 'Ellison's Folly?'"

"Why, sir, in this country, every man likes to build his own house, and no one will pay for another man's freaks."

"Every man," said Uncle John, "feels himself perfectly competent to do well, the three most difficult things,—reading aloud—building a house—and driving a horse."

"For the driving," said Mr. Ellery, "I confess my unfitness. As we go back to man in his normal state, driving is an accident, and not an art; while, in England, horses have lost their original organization, and have become hacks."

"Man, also," said Uncle John, "cannot be distinguished from this beast, except by counting the legs; and it is curious to observe that large numbers of them are found in the two most elevated conditions of life,—the church and the state. In this country, also, they abound, are furnished with a bill, and belong to the '*pulicide*' blood-sucking insects."

"While, among the Greeks," continued Mr. Ellery,—having mounted his hobby,—“where church and state were not so dreadfully in earnest, driving was taught to the few, whereby neither men nor beasts were ruined.”

"The greater portion," added Uncle John, "at a slight pause, being taught (what is much more to the purpose) to be driven! while, out of the other class, grew the centaur—half man and half horse."

"To which mixture we have added the alligator, seasoning it with snapping turtle," said Ned, "making, altogether, the most powerful mixture—"

"Neither of those latter animals," said Mr. Ellery, who, perhaps, saw the discourse passing out of his mouth, "were known among the Greeks. On the banks of the Nile modifications of them were found, and the Egyptian civilization is strongly tinctured with them; while, as you remarked, Mr. Ellison, the centaur may be considered the

type of the Greeks—blending and harmonizing into one the sensual and the spiritual—matter and mind—”

“The smallest drop of which,” said Ned, continuing his branch of the subject, “applied to an old monarchical carcass, resolves it at once into its original elements, with an effervescence (a word derived from *ferveo*—to be hot, to rage), and a sound of hissing and raging, as if the old serpent himself had broke loose, or all the soda fountains had started their vents,—and often with explosions—”

“Which, I may say,” continued Uncle John, resuming his discourse, “has given rise to the word century, one of the most important divisions of time, and which, next to ‘mission,’ is most in use. We come from that to the word center by a natural gradation.”

“All of which,” continued Mr. Ellery, “can be directly traced to the Greek civilization, which may be called the center, the starting point—”

“Shaking thrones and kingdoms,” continued Ned, “to their center, and making this century more remarkable than that in which the Roman centurion—”

By this time, Uncle Tom was shaking in his chair,—Grace surprised, and half alarmed, lest they had been taking champagne again,—Mr. Scranton evidently bewildered,—and Mr. Ellery, when the whole matter resulted in a loud laugh, a little annoyed; which, however, passed off, as he joined in what was inevitable.

This having passed away, Uncle John resumed the conversation, by asking Uncle Tom—

“What is this which I hear of you, who consider yourself a candidate for office—that you have announced yourself to be in favor of slavery?”

“I never thought it,—never said it,—and never will!” said Uncle Tom, with emphasis.

"I know that; but what did you say?"

"I don't think of any thing, unless it was, 'that, were I living in a slave-holding country, under some circumstances, I should not hesitate to own slaves.' No, sir, if I had a thousand slaves, I would make use of my influence among my neighbors, and preach and pray that they might be led to unite with me in measures for the extinction of the practice, upon the face of this earth,—that I said, and will say any where!"

"Who did you say this to?"

"Most likely, to Derwent."

"He, I think, first suggested the idea of making you the candidate in this election?"

"Yes, I think he did."

"Well, he does not seem latterly to make himself quite so much your friend as before; and, indeed, I have heard it whispered that he might be persuaded to sacrifice himself upon the altar of politics, for the salvation of this particular neighborhood."

"Hops, honey, and hogs, would then be properly 'protected,' and our interests would no longer suffer," said Ned.

"It is a curious thing," said Uncle John, "that, from Randolph down even to McDuffie, 'slavery' has seriously been held to be the bulwark of 'liberty!' It is such a paternal institution, too! and it is curious and incomprehensible, the tenacity with which they hang on to what they all know to be the greatest of moral, social, and political evils. They are monomaniacs."

"I don't see," said Mr. Scranton, "why all this hullabaloo is made—why they can't be left alone."

"You have not been on the Ohio river? Well, sir, it is almost literally true, that from Wheeling to Cairo,—

from its source to its mouth,—the one bank is bursting with life, vigor, and hope; the other, attenuated with weakness and wilderness. The one marches (good or evil, as you may think) onward to wealth and power—the other sinks into decay and death.”

“I think this must be exaggerated. I cannot believe,” said Mr. Scranton, “but that Kentucky is one of the best states in the Union. Look at some of her men!—there ’s —”

Uncle John continued: “Kentucky, in twenty years, will be one of the first states in this Union; for she, certainly, before then, will sweep out this dirt,—and then there will be such a tide of emigration into her rich and beautiful plains as has never before been heard of.”

“Bravo!” said Uncle Tom, “we must have you on the stump.”

“This is mostly Greek to me,” said Grace, turning to Mr. Ellery; “you will be pleased to hear that. But it is refreshing after our discussion of dishes and dresses. I must take to politics, like the women of the revolution.”

“But, about this ‘great west,’” said Mr. Scranton, “will it come to any thing?”

“It is coming, with giant strides;—it is the country of *production*, and is fast learning its own importance. The time will come when the producing classes will take their position in the front rank, and the factors fall back, as they ought, to the least important class.”

Mr. Scranton shook his head, while Uncle John continued:

“There is a short way of putting the matter, which covers the whole ground,—democracy is the spirit of the age.”

“Certainly.”

“This country is the standard bearer of democracy.”

"Certainly."

"The west is becoming, or has become, the ruling power in this country."

"Possibly?"

"Cincinnati is the center of the west,—therefore, the center of the world; and you had better calculate your longitude accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DERWENT had been cautious and quiet after his doings at the camp meeting;—for two or three days had been careful not to be in Jim Haskill's way;—had kept close to the village, and was getting to feel at his ease while the daylight lasted;—had even revived his successes with the weaker sex, in the minds of the few of his associates, over whom his money gave him authority, and began to hint at Bessey, and his prospects in that quarter.

There was, however, to their credit be it said, some remnant of decency in these *friends*, which called forth a remonstrance as to the poor, helpless girl—so that Derwent himself began to think he had not done so brave a thing as he had hoped—even their cheap praise he had not secured! Nobody envied him! This was a blow; for he had run the risk of Jim Haskill's vengeance, without having gratified his vanity; which, after all, lay at the bottom of his wickedness. The idea of Jim's vengeance took possession of him, and grew to be a monster within him: the demon of fear! and in the nights he overshadowed him, and clutched at him—dim and shapeless—mouths without eyes—hands without arms. It could not be a conscience? that had been sacrificed long ago. No, 't was fear—and in the broad daylight it haunted him—and he felt that a strong, bony hand was behind, which he shrank away from; hardly daring to turn and see that it was not there—and he tried to drown the devil with drink, and

to shout him down with those inspiriting choruses—"we'll drink six bottles and over"—which make the bar room life so exciting. But it was a hard life—and his father began to hint that Grace's trifling had had a very serious effect upon his son, as well as to believe that this course of life might become too expensive.

Harry Derwent was uneasy and miserable enough, and it would be a relief to him to meet Haskill. Did he really suspect him? would he kill him? These things pressed upon him, and he would be glad to know the worst—but he was "horribly afeard." Should he confess all—tell where Bessy was, and so disarm him? But perhaps he did not suspect?

More than a week had passed, and Haskill had not been seen. Derwent sat on the stoop of the tavern, one afternoon, smoking his cigar, and wondering as to Jim's movements, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

He started as though a snake had laid his head there—for he knew the touch—"Why," said Jim, "what's the matter? You're kind o' seary?"

"By George, Jim! how are you? I was just thinking about you—give us your hand."

"What do you want o' my hand?"

"Why, where have you been? I'm devilish glad to see you," said Derwent, shaking away at his bony arm—when suddenly Jim griped his hand, and the blood rushed frightened to his heart, while he writhed and almost screamed with the pain.

"Why that do n't hurt you, does it?" he asked—"that's nothing—here, squeeze mine once"—he said, holding out his hand.

"No, I thank you. What's the use, Jim? You squeeze my hand out of shape. I shall never hold a pen again."

"What—not to write your will? Well—you can do as I do—make your mark. I've made mine to scores of things, and could never write a word—and I can shoot as well as any man that writes."

Derwent was becoming reassured. Jim did not seem much more savage than was usual with him.

"But where have you been, Jim? for such a time—we've been dull here—nobody that could pitch worth a cent?"

"I should think I might sharpen 'em up; but I've had good game on Shaganick—fine work o' nights with coons. You went off sudden from the camp ground?"

"Yes," said Derwent, shaking again—"the old man was sick—and I was kept with him for a day or two."

"He aint dead, eh?" asked Jim, leering a little—"you hav' n't got your money yet?"

"No, Jim—but do you want some? I can get you some—eh?"

"What do I want with money?"

"Well—come in and take something to drink—I'm dry, myself."

"I'm reformed, and you'd better. I'm afraid you did 'nt hear enough of them sermons, at the meeting?

The confounded camp meeting again!

"Oh pshaw!" said Derwent, taking hold of his arm—"come in."

But Jim was as solid as a rock.

"Why do n't you come up and shoot for a day? The birds are getting fat."

"Why, I've sold my gun," said Derwent, hesitatingly.

"Sold your gun! I thought you was going to give that to me?"

"No—did you? Did you want it, Jim? I forgot—but I can get it back."

"Oh, no—you 'll have something else, which I 'll want."

"Any thing, Jim—I 'll give you any thing that I have."

"No—will you, though? Well that would be a satisfaction."

Satisfaction? In Derwent's honorable head that word had something to do with duelling. Did Jim mean to fight a duel with him? But Jim went on again.

"So—the governor's going to be sent to the legislature. You 'll have a nice time, eh?"

"No—how did you hear that?"

"The birds—you know," said Jim, winking—"they carry these matters about, as the scripter says."

"The old man could get you an office," said Derwent, lowering his voice.

"He, he"—chuckled Jim—"good—let 's see, what 'll I be? You and I together might manage something:—S'pose I be judge and you be clerk, eh?"

"Sht, 'sht, Jim—these other fellows 'll hear us."

"I think," continued Jim, "that I should surprise 'em with a little justice. What a fluttering there would be! But s'pose we be special constables for the camp ground, eh?"

Camp ground again!

"Oh—certainly—I 'm going with the old man—private secretary—do n't let on about it—it's first rate."

"I think *I* should like that place."

"But Jim, you can't write."

"No—but I can make my mark. You ought to see some of the marks I have made," he said, holding out his hand, which Derwent shrunk away from.

"But if you go, you'll take me, Harry? I've got a fine nose—I could start the game for you. I should be lonesome here, without you"—laying his arm on Derwent's shoulder—"I'll be your secretary, he! he! we'd show 'em. So you've sold your gun?"

"Not exactly sold it. I let a fellow take it on trial; but I can get it back, Jim," he said, attempting a sickly smile, for Jim's arm pressed heavily.

"And then we'll have one more day's shooting, eh? before we turn secretaries."

"Yes—I do n't know—perhaps he won't give it up—and I suppose until election, I shall be so driven that I sha' n't have a minute to spare."

Haskill had never been so urgent for society before. There was something uncertain and dreadful, for an instant, in his eyes; for Derwent felt that they were upon him. Did he suspect—or was it only the distempered and heated imagination of Derwent? Would Jim entice him off to murder him? or perhaps, even there he might, with one gripe throttle him—choke—ugh—death was nothing; but fear! oh fear, was a horrible tyrant. And there—in the broad daylight—among men, he mouthed, and beckoned, and threatened with his bony hands—until Derwent's knees shook under him, and he would have called for help from the heavy arm which lay upon him; but his fine musical voice had lost its compass—even one sound was impossible.

"What's the matter—you aint sick?"

Derwent nodded his head; and as Jim stepped on the doorsill and called for some brandy, Derwent might have heard that same low chuckle—for Jim never laughed—which indicated any thing else, as well as joy. But he felt the bony fingers at his throat—and saw the mocking

mouths, and the snake-like eyes—and yet he could not, and dared not run.

Brandy revived him—and he no longer felt the demoniac current passing from Jim's arm—destroying, paralyzing soul and body. When he got up, and said he would go home, Jim walked by his side, and would have helped him, and cared for him, but Derwent laughed the whole thing off, and had eaten something—'t was a cramp—out late last night.

As they reached Derwent's house, Jim said to him, "suppose, then, you get your gun and go up the hill, and to-morrow"—but Derwent had more cramp, and shut out the rest of the proposition—resolving, moreover, to take counsel of his father. Somebody he must have, who could care enough for him to share his fears—perhaps to dissipate them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIFTY times a day after Ned's departure did Grace think of him. He had always been with her—had occupied a place in her life, which was now vacant—and it must be confessed, she would have owned it herself—she felt his loss. Five miles? he might as well have been away five hundred. In the great trials and occurrences of life, one can be self sustained—the great things are themselves engrossing—but daily and hourly—when one wishes advice, or sympathy, or hope, or caution, or—a horse saddled—then a friend is desirable, and so Grace found it.

She wanted some one to talk to, who was willing and ready to hear her; and what was more, to reply; to recognize that what she said was something, however little or trifling. She would say to herself—"I can't always be thinking of politics with Uncle Tom, or poring over the causes and remedies of social evils with Uncle John. I am determined that I will not do my duty all the time. I detest duty—(a fib!)—this living up in the sky and looking down upon the trifles and 'every days' of life, is very sublime and elevated—but dreadful cold. I'm not an angel, and I do n't intend to be. Is this beautiful moonlight made for angels?"

She might have made herself very unhappy, but Uncle Tom coming in, asked—

"Where is Ned?"

This was a week or two after he had left.

"I do n't know—I'm not his keeper!"

Uncle Tom looked at her in some surprise, when Grace burst into a laugh, saying—

"Why Uncle Tom, have you forgotten that he has gone to work with Dermott?"

"True—he has. I wanted him yesterday—and now I wish he was here, to go to Mr. Scranton for me."

"Can't I go?"

"We must get Ned back," the old man continued—"I want him about me, I suppose, eh?"

Uncle John, who had come in, said—

"Ned kept out of his own way and out of yours while he was here, so that you were not put in mind of his existence every hour by breaking your shins over him."

"Won't you persuade him to come back, Uncle John?" asked Grace.

"No—I will not."

"You like him Uncle John, and why not wish him to be here?"

"Because I believe, and so does he, that he is doing better where he is—that he is learning—will get more in six months there, than he could get in six years at a college, where he would most likely learn to be a fool."

"Ned won't be a fool any where," replied Grace.

"Let him pursue his own course—he is now old enough," continued Uncle John, "and when he has learnt what he can from Dermott, he will come back and will be the better for it. He is not lazy, and will work along to something. I do n't mean that he will make a noise in the world; but he will be something to himself; will *be* and not *seem*."

"Now Uncle John, I do n't believe it is the best way to let Ned alone, or any of us young ones. He wants some-

body to tell him that what he thinks *may* be right is right. It's hard enough at best—and you ought to go and see him, I think. I wish I was a man."

"Do n't get into a fever, Grace. I will do, and have done, what I can; but birds molt their feathers, serpents shed their skins, chickens break their shells themselves, and cannot be much assisted. So it is with Ned; and moreover, if he can't get out of his trouble himself, he had better go to the dogs—and some whining will be saved."

"Ned never whined," said Grace, "and I do believe after all, that at the proper times, every one needs help. Many a one has gone to the dogs, as you say, for the want of it, or has become cold and savage—and I know that is not agreeable."

"To say and do the right thing at the right time, Gracie, is right—but is not so simple and easy a matter."

"I wish you would go somewhere else and talk," said Uncle Tom, "for I am trying to read this newspaper."

Uncle John, as he lighted a segar, said—"Your Gazette must be stupider than usual?" while Grace stepped out into the moonlight. "How useless," she thought, "will these walks be that I was so careful to keep clean. One of them will be enough for me." Then she remembered that her rabbits had not been fed, and that in truth nothing had been done with good will. Weak and foolish she seemed, caring for nothing for itself—but because some one else might find pleasure in it; a poor, weak, silly girl!

Uncle John came to her, and drawing her arm within his, walked on. They went to one of the shaded seats which overlooked the river, now lying broad and smooth before them, and the whisper of its ripple was sweet to Grace.

Uncle John, if a little hard, was always kind and young; and he led Grace on to a more quiet, healthy way of feeling—and when she went to her room, she was better and happier, and thought of the evening with pleasure—although she did not like segar smoke and moonlight together.

Some ten days had passed, and nothing had been seen of Ned. Grace determined to ride over and see him.

John seemed really glad when she appeared once more at the stable. He saddled her horse quickly, saying—

“Since Ned went away, horses do n’t seem to be very val’able. I do n’t see what we ’ll do with Ned’s horse—he wants work, and do n’t get it. I ’ve pulled some hair out of his tail; and I expect you ’d better let me ride with you in order to keep him in order—after a sort.”

“Not to-day, John—I do n’t want to ride fast.”

“Here, Miss Gracie—now put your foot in my hand, and I ’ll lift you in as easy as A spells Annexation.”

She rode well, in the admiring eyes of John—and the spirit of the horse, who had not been used for a few days, communicated itself to her—so that as she swept past Uncle Tom, at a rapid trot, he felt young again himself.

But for Ned. He had taken hold with some spirit and determination at his new life; wishing to satisfy himself, as well as Dermott, who was a hard-working, sensible man; and although it was not the most interesting part of the year for gardening, he found enough to occupy both body and mind. But it seemed strange to him that the family so rarely called upon him. Remembering that he was tired at night, they might have supposed he would find the walk long.

“Out of sight out of mind,” he said to himself. “No doubt they have new friends about them?” and he

turned in upon himself, asking, "Why should I be any thing to Grace—or to any one? What am I? What have I that any one should like? I have no claim. There is no reason why they should wish to see me! On the contrary, they should be glad that one drag is removed!" Now, although this was very unkind, Ned worked himself into such a state, that he was in a fair way to sting himself to death like the scorpion.

Grace had ridden on until she and her horse were both more tranquil than when they started; and she wondered how Ned had spent the week, and whether he was satisfied; and what could he have done with himself, alone, in these fine evenings. 'T was strange that he had not been over to see them? Certainly, if he had cared any thing about them, he would have been; and, certainly— Grace stopped her horse—she hesitated whether or not to go on. If he wanted to see them, he would be over on Sunday? when suddenly she heard some one say—

"You'd better go on."

She looked up, and saw Jim Haskill coming toward her from among the trees, and she colored, for it seemed he knew her thoughts.

"You're not half way yet, and he'll want to see you."

"What makes you think so, Jim."

"Oh,—he's young yet—he has n't been blasted and cursed long enough to stand alone, and curse and blast back."

"What good comes of doing that, Jim? Curse away, if it will do any good; but not, if it makes one's self miserable."

"It keeps me in tune—I can't wait for hell to burn 'em up. I must begin it now."

"Why, Jim, you used to be quieter than this;—what's the matter,—who has set upon you,—none of us, surely?"

"No."

"Then do n't curse, and frighten me, Jim; but come here, closer, and tell me how you get along, and how Bessy is. I mean to go up and see her."

"You wo n't see her!"

"Why not?"

"She aint there now."

"No? where is she?"

"Dead!"

"Dead! Bessy dead—how?—why, Jim, you are crazy — or trying to frighten me."

"It's true," he said.

"Why, tell me how did she die, and when?"

"The wolves killed her—"

"Oh, Jim, why will you try to frighten me? There are no wolves here."

"Yes, there are. I saw one in your garden. I'm on the trail of one now;" and Jim chuckled his low laugh.

Grace began now to be really frightened, for he seemed to her much more savage than when she had seen him before; but, perhaps, he was in drink? At any rate, she considered it safest to go on quietly.

"Well, Jim, you must come down and see me now and then, for I do n't like the idea of your staying up in the hill alone."

"I sha n't stay long by myself. As soon as I get the scalp of this beast, I'm off."

"Why don't you kill him, and be done,—you never miss?"

"He keeps close to his hole;—I've let him smell my

track;—I do n't want him too easy. You should see him skulk with his tail between his legs, and his tongue hanging." Again Jim chuckled.

Grace was glad when Dermott's garden was in sight, and involuntarily quickened her horse.

"Go on," said Jim, "I can keep up;" and he swung along by her side. "But do n't say any thing about the wolves; perhaps I'll bring you the scalp of this one. There's Ned; he do n't seem to see you, but he does,—good bye—and be careful of—wolves."

There was possibly a slight chilliness in Ned's manner, but it vanished before the warmth of Grace's greeting. There was much to be talked over. Ned's confidence in himself and in his friends revived, and he was quite ready to act upon Grace's suggestion,—that he should return with her, and spend the night with Uncle Tom and Uncle John.

She told him, as he walked by her side, of her meeting with Jim Haskill, and his story seemed strange and inexplicable to Ned also; for it must be remembered that nothing was known by the public of Bessy's abduction. As they neared the house, just at the approach of evening, they met Dermott, riding hastily toward the village. He spoke with them, but with less confidence than formerly, which Grace attributed to her having declined his proposal; for this was the first time they had met since that affair. The way had not seemed long to Ned, and he was less fatigued than usual, when, after after a pleasant evening with his old uncles and Grace, he went to his sleep.

CHAPTER XXIX.

For some time, Uncle Tom had been expecting to hear from Wainwright, his agent, in the city, and to receive from him various papers and certificates, as to the changes of investments upon which they had agreed. The neglect seemed strange—and as the matters were of consequence, he had it in contemplation to visit the city again. He said to Uncle John, on Wednesday of this week, of which I write—

“I am disposed to offer you five hundred dollars, John, if you will finish my house for me. I mean, if you will take the wrangling off my hands. I do not find it so easy, or pleasant, as I expected. If there is any wrong way, they are sure to find it out; and then I am told that it is impossible for it to have been done in any other way.”

“You should have engaged me in the first place, if you wished to save money and vexation.”

“I did n’t. I wanted to try it myself. Now I am satisfied that it is not my vocation.”

“I suspect, Tom, that you are becoming more interested in other matters: this being the candidate at the election, for instance.”

“Well, I confess, that having begun in it, I should like to carry it through.”

“Especially,” said Uncle John, “if Derwent is now at work to secure the nomination for himself?”

"Yes, there is something in that. I do n't choose to be a nose of wax in any man's hand."

"Well—do n't lose your integrity, your temper, and your money, too, about it."

Mr. Scranton came in, in his hearty way, and plunged headlong into the matter of politics:—"There 's a good deal to be done now, between this and the nomination. You ought to come out with an address, or take the stump. Then, sir, as the Methodists are anxious to get the line of the new railroad to pass through their large tract, it would be well to intimate to Mr. Thomas, that you shall do what you can for it. And, sir, the Irish and German vote are both large in this district. It is well to look forward with them to the foundation of happy republics in their homes! And the Native vote—above all things, insist with Mr. Meeker upon the necessity for protecting our shores against the incursions of ignorance and poverty. As to free trade and protection—there are arguments on both sides. The inviolability of the homestead, of course, you can favor. All this ought to be done—and above all things—write no letters—"

"By the Lord God!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, "having done these things, I should be worse than a thief."

Uncle John laughed out; and Mr. Scranton, somewhat surprised, protested that all this must not be taken literally, but that it was impossible for any one to be elected without some of this machinery.

"Then it may remain impossible," said Uncle Tom, "for I will do nothing of the kind. For sixty years I have borne a good character—and there are many here who know me. If there are enough men of influence to back me with the people who do not know me, and they

'believe that I can do as well for them as any one, I shall be glad to serve—not otherwise."

"By letting things go in this way, none but the intriguers," said Uncle John, "can be returned."

"It is necessary to sacrifice something," said Mr. Scranton, "to the infernal deities, and to keep a man like Derwent, for instance, from making laws for us. With such rulers the country must go down."

"The sooner a country which *chooses* such rulers goes down, the better," replied Uncle Tom. "I will sacrifice neither my self respect, my honor, nor my honesty. No, sir,—the party managers mistake the people in believing only in their baseness and corruption. Let them give up their expediency, and come out boldly for an honest and honorable candidate, and the quiet men who leave the work bench to vote, will soon appreciate and second them. The people are not fools! And the wire pullers who act upon that belief, will have to smart for it by and bye."

"Here you are," said Grace, entering upon them, "talking the eternal politics, I'll warrant—but where's the use of getting into a passion—the world goes on its way, and it's a great deal wiser to go along with it. Any man who stands still to check the tide, will be overwhelmed and obliterated without a thought. And now, Mr. Scranton, that I have delivered my speech, what do you think of my new dress? I made it myself."

"Well now, that is surprising," said he, taking hold of it. "I like that. You are getting to be like country folks fast. It's a pretty pink, I think?" He could not tell one color from another.

"There you mistake. It's blue!"

"Well, so it is, and very neat."

"Mistaken again. Green, sir."

"Well, perhaps it is green."

"No, it 's your eyes, Mr. Seranton."

"Really, I do believe you are making a fool of me," he said, shaking his finger at her—"I am glad I am not a young man."

"So am I," she replied, "for then, perhaps, you would make a fool of me."

CHAPTER XXX.

A DETAILED account of the interview between father and son, which grew out of the son requiring money from the father, for purposes constitutionally called "secret service," and which, by the way, is too common to excite surprise, would not, probably, be very interesting.

The elder Derwent improved the occasion to remonstrate with the younger Derwent, in terms hallowed by long use; among which occurred "grey hairs," — "sorrow," and "grave;" — truly affecting to the unsophisticated mind, — but to which the younger Derwent only said:

"I have heard all that before," — not at all a proper reply, as all must admit; for every parent understands that good advice cannot be too often reiterated, — although the "iteration" should become, at last, what Shakspeare, in his quaint way, calls "damnable."

"At this particular juncture, too," said the elder, "when I require all the influence I can command — yours as well as others."

"My juncture," said the younger, knowing that the money must come, "is of a peculiar kind — quite particular."

This was an acid, applied to the alkali which the elder had been using, which produced effervescence and explosion; so that the elder had an irresistible propensity to use strong language to the younger, — improper, on his part, as all must admit.

But, gathering boldness from desperation, Derwent gave a short account of his affair with Bessy Haskill, and the

fear which he lived in, lest Jim knew of it, and was watching his time. The elder saw in a moment that it was essential to have the whole thing hushed up.

“So near at home,” he said, “’t was the most unaccountable thing—not worthy of a child, or a fool!”

Perhaps not; but he set himself to work to prevent the damage which might arise. He sent for one of his friends. An ambitious man—and industrious, was Peter Williams. He was determined to rise, and he had found that Derwent was his man—had work to do, and sometimes dirty work. For this, Peter had a proclivity;—there is no accounting for it—his taste led him that way; his cold, blue eye never warmed, but his mouth had a perpetual sunshine of blandness; his long upper lip stretched itself over his teeth, clam-like and thin. And, oh, how willing he was to work,—to write reports,—addresses;—to do what other people were too lazy to do; and every day he gained in position, in power,—and many persons thought him a trusty fellow;—and he was truly respectable, for his clothes and his gig were unexceptionable.

Now, Peter Williams was to go to the house, some ten miles away, where Bessy had been left, to see her, and to buy her off, in case she knew any thing coherent in the matter—not otherwise:—was to sound Jim, and take such steps as the occasion required,—to pay him money,—to get his confidence,—perhaps to persuade him to take legal measures, should he be exasperated against Derwent—thus to postpone the affair until after the election, and also to secure Derwent against personal harm, by providing another vent for Haskill’s vengeance. Very good plans all these were, one would think.

Peter Williams was vain of the horse and gig—and they were good—which he owned jointly with a fellow

attorney. He rode onward very pleasantly, until he came into a by road, not much used, which led up among the hills, where the rains were the principal menders and makers. His placidity, as well as his bones, were shaken here—for he feared for his gig—and he inwardly resolved that, when he became a law maker, all the roads in that county should be good.

An excellent, practical application suggests itself here, which it is hoped the newspapers will spread abroad, other things having failed, viz., that every person elected to office shall be thoroughly taken over the public roads in his district, in his own carriage, especially if it be a good one, before taking his seat and dignity. It is believed that he would not sit easy until the roads were mended.

The house at which Williams stopped, and fastened his horse, was dreary enough, in externals. The windows were mended with a glass of "home manufacture," compounded of hats and rags;—the grass plat was tangled with briars and crabs;—there was an air about it of former glory, which had apparently vanished before the visits of sheriffs. Williams felt for a small pistol which he carried, for a coarse-haired slut only appeared to welcome him. He rapped and knocked, and, finally, received a question from an old, grey-eyed woman, who, putting her head through an upper window, said,—

"What do you want?"

"If you please, madam, to see Bessy Haskill, who, I am told—"

"You won't see any such here; you'd better be off—tramp!"

The dog, considering this a sufficient hint, commenced

proceedings on her own account, and seized him sharply by the leg.

Williams shot her dead on the spot, but—sad to relate—his horse, frightened by the report, broke away from the moss-grown paling, and galloped down the hill, gig and all. He ran, frantically, after it, shouting *whoh!* at the top of his voice; higher than which could have been heard the screech of the woman; but *he* only heard the crashing of the boughs, and saw the splintering of those beautiful spokes. Overwhelmed with this result, he neglected his own way, and fell into the dirt, over a fallen tree, splitting his coat to his shoulders;—such dreadful bad language as he then used!

But Bessy was not there. As was to be expected, she had soon slipped away from such a home,—unlike the free life in which she had grown up. The rains, and winds, and trees, and birds, were her friends;—she knew them, and they never laughed at her strangeness, or foolishness. On the contrary, as the branches drooped toward her, and rustled their leaves in the wind, she heard and understood their whisperings; and she knew their names,—at least she had names for all the oaks and chesnuts; not, perhaps, strictly botanical, but fanciful and fit.

She wandered out into the starry night, and the wind swept the fine hair from her forehead, cooling the feverishness produced by a few days of confinement. She ran swiftly along for a few moments, until she reached the shelter of the woods; for the darkness was not darkness to her—the way seemed plain. Once there, the indefinite sense of insecurity, with which she seemed to have been possessed, passed away, and she laid herself along the mossy bark of a fallen tree, and sang those little scraps of song, which were the language of her weak and wandering fancy.

Then she was silent for a while, and one might have thought that she slept; but her face was turned to the sky, and her eyes passed along the sparkling worlds, now and then obscured by a fleecy cloud. She chanted again, in a low voice —

“There ’s room above —
In the deep, deep sky —
For the heart that ’s still,
For the dewy eye.
I see my star,
Ha — ha — how bright,
How softly it steps
In the sweet, clear night.”

The cry of the tree frog broke in upon the stillness, and caught her ear; she got up, and in a few moments, when the cry was repeated, went to the tree and took it in her hand. As she put her finger between its glittering eyes, she said —

“I wish no storms
To break on earth,
Bruising the blossoms
Of sunshine the birth.”

The little creature again sounded his watery, shattering note — even when lying in her hand, so little fear did she excite —

“Ha — ha — I see,
You rogue, that you will;
’T is Trip who does it,
He pinches you still, —
Ah, Trip!”

The low muttering of the thunder rolled up from the distant south; and again and again, as she still sang—

“I hear you piling
Your clouds on high—
And soon you'll rattle
Across the sky.
There's water enough,
Enough for years,
In the rivers of earth
Which flow with tears.”

The clouds now rapidly spread and covered the heavens, and the gusts began to sweep through the trees. She placed the frog upon the tree, and again laid herself upon the decaying trunk;—the thunders broke more and more quickly, and she laughed low, with childish delight, as the sharp lightnings chained together the murky and heavy clouds. The little owl, which shook in the wind upon the high, bare branch, laughed his low scream, and flew away deeper into the forest. She, too, laughed,—and louder as the storm arose,—and held out her arms, as if to welcome the spirits, who purified the atmosphere of the world; and when the lightning crashed through the strong branches, she shouted and laughed with the thunders, and knew nothing of fear.

But the storm soon exhausted itself, and then Bessy slept sweetly through the warm night, and dreamed pleasant things, of which she would whisper, as she slept—as coherently as when awake, for her life was a continual dream. She walked through the woods in the morning, when every leaf glittered with the rain drops, and searched for the crab apples, and the winter-green berries, and the sassafras; for hunger always comes, and

surely to the homeless and wanderer. She went on, aimless, through the woods,—turning toward the flower, or toadstool, or bird, as either one impressed her quick and shifting eye. Sometimes she came into the vicinity of houses, and men, but never near enough to be seen; and always, by a sort of instinct, she drew nearer and nearer to her old haunts.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DURING the few days preceding the convention, many persons had occasion to call at Squire Derwent's office, and among them, as upon another memorable time, came Satan, also. There was, however, no confusion; and any one not aware how spontaneous and free our elections are, would have supposed that these men had come by special appointment, to take counsel together, for the benefit of their country, and—themselves.

'T was the most natural thing that Squire Derwent, owning land in the vicinity of the Methodist tract, before spoken of, should wish to confer with Mr. Thomas, their acting man, upon the proper steps for benefiting and improving in that section, whether by railroads or otherwise. There were many compliments and friendly assurances on both sides—and their meeting and parting forcibly recalled the words of the "old song"—

"How sweet and pleasant 't is to see,
Brethren and friends agree."

'T was clear to them that the interests of the road required the road to be run so, and not otherwise—that there would be great injustice done to the stockholders, should the demands of interested parties be complied with, 't was clear and simple!

Mr. Thomas said, also, that Mr. Derwent could, no doubt, be of great service, as his influence and acquaint-

ance in the county would give immense weight, and that he, Mr. Thomas, would consider it a personal favor, &c.; to which Mr. Derwent replied, that he would be glad to do the right thing, especially as it would do him, a gentleman for whom he had a great respect, a favor—having no doubt that he would be glad to reciprocate. Upon which, Mr. Thomas shook Mr. Derwent by the hand, and said that he might be depended upon. And Mr. Derwent, also, having said he might be depended upon, they shook hands again and parted, mutually pleased, and mutually understood.

Harry saw each one to the door, remarking with great emphasis, as he shook him by the hand—what a very fine day it was! which seemed to be the extent of his political maneuvering.

After Mr. Thomas, came an important member of the convention—no other than Mr. Peter Williams. Blowing his nose severely, and winking at Mr. Derwent, he said—

“I have come in, sir, at the suggestion of a large and respectable portion of our party, to ascertain more fully your views upon one or two points; the first is, as to the extension of the dyke. It is well known to you, that a large number of the masses, who live in the neighborhood of this low ground, are subject to fevers, agues, and the like—attributable to this dyke—which they not only wish not extended, but absolutely destroyed, that the water may again flow over the marsh. But this, sir, will affect vested rights—the rights of property—the greatest of all rights, if I may say so.”

“I have so often,” replied Mr. Derwent, “expressed my unaffected preference for private life, that I regret to be again called on to make these sacrifices. I only consent in case no other fit person can be selected. With

regard to the dyke, I am clear that it is safe to abide by the compromises of the statute, which secure the rights of all. But it is an important subject, and I may say that under some circumstances I might feel it consistent with my duty, not to disregard what I should consider the expressed will of my constituents. We are public servants, sir"—(Peter winked again.)

"The other point," said Wilkins, "is—whether you do, or do not, believe it to be proper for persons holding office to use the public money, honestly you will understand, sir, in speculations which may result to their individual benefit?"

"Upon this point I am right. I refer you to my past course, in which you will easily trace a consistent line of right, from which I never swerved."

"I may assure them sir, that you are right, and may be depended upon?"

"You may."

They then laughed slightly, before proceeding to more private matters; but the laugh was repeated in a chuckle, which sounded much like Jim Haskill's. Harry had escaped at sight of Jim, who therefore walked in unannounced, and presented himself. How much of this development of political maneuvering he may have heard, remains unknown. He only said, as he sat himself on the edge of a high chair—

"Funny—he, he—good story, Squire. You do beat all with your jokes. I stopped in just before convention to see what I could do. You'll want help, I s'pose?"

"Certainly, Jim, I shall want all my friends to show their hands. I have only consented to the use of my name at their urgent solicitation."

Peter Williams here interposed; perhaps to save his

patron from further talk, saying—"I have been hoping to see you for some days past"—but Mr. Derwent stopped him, and said to Jim—

"I am glad to see that you intend to stand my friend. I have always felt that I could depend upon you."

"You know that 'round here," said Jim, "one gets nothing for nothing about 'lection time. Some of us get as foxy as the devil."

"Certainly, Jim, I understand, and I never forget my friends!"

This was said with great impressiveness by Mr. Derwent, as he held out his hand. Jim took no notice of it, however, and proceeded—

"You won't be very likely to forget me, Squire: and it's of no great account any way. But Harry and I have fixed it up. We are going together. Wherever he goes, I go, eh! You understand?"

Squire Derwent thinking it possible that they had had an explanation, was willing to take it all for granted.

"It's ever since the camp meeting," Jim went on to say, "that we have been hoping that something would turn up—and now that it has, Squire, you can depend upon me."

Mr. Derwent expressed his obligations, and Jim took up his march, enjoying that internal delight experienced only by politicians, at having "done" old Derwent, as he called him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE day of the convention came, and with it the usual bustle and excitement. From all quarters the people came in, for it was a holiday,—almost the only one which we allow ourselves. There was to be speech making after the nomination;—for, having some of the old Celtic blood in our veins, like them, we are fond of eloquence, and highly value the “gift of the gab.”

Smart, over-dressed girls came riding on plow horses,—wagons brought their freight of young and old,—groups of sturdy farmers, who, in an emergency, are sure to find the right, although they may be slow about it, jogged along, discussing the probabilities and results of the election of this or that one,—and always there was due regard to measures bearing upon their *material* interests. Could a man hear the talk which grows out of his being a candidate at an election, he would be surprised to find that peccadillos, which to him were small and forgotten, are by others remembered with surprising accuracy. A listener would soon have learned that Derwent was, perhaps, the most objectionable man.

“I’m afraid,” said one, “that this convention will put a bad man upon us. Now, if they do, for one, I will not vote for him.”

“Nor I,” said another, “and yet I can’t vote for the man of the other party.”

“This packing of conventions will be the ruin of us

yet;—some how, the thing must be changed. We must be allowed to vote directly for whom we like,—the constitution must be changed.”

“The constitution is all nonsense!”

Our friends were on their way with the rest. Grace had sent Ned’s horse on to him, and he had joined them and was riding with her, in the rear of the party—composed of Uncle John, Mr. Ellery, and Mr. Scranton,—Uncle Tom having gone forward earlier in the day.

“We spend a great deal of time and temper upon ‘patriotism,’ said Uncle John, as they rode slowly onward. “But, perhaps, it is well; it keeps us bright and active.”

“Patriotism,” said Mr. Ellery, “is only one of the forms of selfishness. What is it? The Laplander has it;—the North Carolina emigrant searches for the barren hill sides, because they are like his native land;—the New Englander finds no beauty in the cascade, without its factory. What, then, is it, but to love—ever and only to over value one’s own, and to under value one’s neighbors,—until one can, by hook or crook, appropriate it to one’s self:—then, none so fine! Pride of family comes next; and at the head stands egotism—vanity.”

“A queer world you would have of it, Ellery,” said Mr. Scranton, “with no ‘family,’ and no ‘country,’—you would go back, I take it, beyond your Greeks,—perhaps beyond the patriarchs?”

“I would have patriarchs, and not partizans—no, sir! I would not go back, but forward. If Christ taught any thing, he taught me, that we must become as little children, once more; it is not to go back to barbarism, but forward to the time when the child shall lead the lion! And why not?”

“Why not? It’s contrary to the nature of things;—

it's as idle to expect it as to expect a politician to care for any thing but his own advancement. No, sir; you'd better stick to the old landmarks; get your children up to yourself, rather than to go back to them;—stand up for one's family, and one's country, through every thing:—that's my motto."

"I'd not save my own son, sir," said Mr. Ellery, in reply, "if I knew him to be a base, poisonous man;—no, sir, mankind is my family,—the world my country,—and God my king."

"You forget the Greeks," suggested Uncle John.

"This is surprising," said Mr. Scranton; "too expansive. You live, Ellery, in too rarified an atmosphere for my poor lungs."

"And, no doubt," continued Uncle John, "will be able to dispense with death, which Eve, a meddlesome woman, brought upon us,—and exhale into regions of pure space. Is that it, Ellery?"

"I can't say," he replied, "what I shall come to; but I am not very etherial now, for this saddle, I find, is very uncomfortable."

"There it is!" said Mr. Scranton.

And Uncle John enjoyed a quiet laugh.

As they approached the edge of the village, where the crowd was gathering, this kind of conversation was discontinued; no doubt, to every one's satisfaction, except those engaged in it.

A fluent and strong-voiced speaker had been engaged, and the chief attraction was to listen to him—the convention itself having met early, and finished the business of the people in a quiet way, by nominating Derwent,—who was really wanted by a smaller number, most likely, than any other who could have been selected. Yet, what could

the public do?—there was no remedy? Their “principles,” they believed, were of more consequence than their man; and, besides, why should any other attempt at an organization be more successful? The men who made politics their business had been bought—and the flock must follow their lead. But, in *emergencies*, it is well to remember that they will not follow!

A slight staging had been raised, under the tall trees, for the officers and the speaker; also, some rough seats in front for the listeners. Toward eleven o'clock, these became filled; the greatest good nature prevailed; and the rich and noisy laughter, which pointed and pointless jokes equally excited, would have puzzled Gall, had he been there, and have driven him to the invention of another organ.

Among the most certain stimulants was a long-twisted yell,—or, at the prominence of some person peculiarly dressed, the cries of “what a hat!” or, “what a coat!” were irresistible, and unfailing,—and spoke volumes for the intention of the crowd to “catch pleasure as it flies,”—an effort one might suppose, approaching in intensity to that of the ancient philosophers, of extracting blood from whetstones.

The girls who had fine dresses shook them out, and rearranged themselves in their seats; while of those who could be clean rather than fine, many felt depressed or foolish;—a warning to all girls not to be less decorated than their neighbors, whatever it may cost!

A loud-voiced man called the people to order, and the speaker, with president and vice presidents,—one from each of the states,—with secretaries, &c., mounted the stage, in plain sight, as if to say that they were not ashamed of what they were about, and for no other

apparent reason. The secretaries proceeded to mend their pens with great assiduity, for what purpose, they knew best: they were very solemn about it, and the whispering and consulting was nearly closed, when the staging, not being built for so much dignity, gave way,—and presidents, speaker, secretaries, and pens, went down in a style lamentably undignified. That was a joke—and one worth laughing about.

However, the stage being soon reconstructed, the speaker advanced alone, apparently trying its strength. He said,—“Whatever goes down, I do not propose to break down myself.” This was a good hit,—an introduction which ripened into intimacy, as he laid before them their own glory and virtue;—immaculate, and undimmed, when compared with the degradation of despotism. But of this every one has heard too much.

When the speech was ended, the crowd separated:—some, preceded by the officers of the meeting, in search of the dinner; others, to take part as spectators, or actors, in the shooting match, which was to follow. Uncle John, and the elders, were more interested with the former purpose; while Grace and Ned, on the contrary, went with the larger portion in search of the shooting ground. Uncle John was separated from his companions, and looked in vain for the signs of dinner. Upon inquiry at the tavern, he learned that it was to be had in the large barn, in the rear. There, mounted on a hogshead, the loud-voiced man read out the names of various delegations and deputations, which were to be provided for in any event. As it was necessary for him to make explanations, and give directions, as well as to bear up against the crowd of hungry applicants, this was not so speedily a matter as might be supposed; and Uncle John, who had

stood all the morning, was breaking down under this new infliction, when the reader, seeing him about to turn away, and knowing him, beckoned to him to approach, and passed him in.

It, however, was not so much of a favor as might have been hoped, for the provisions had disappeared before this army, led on by hunger; and he was glad to make terms with a servant for some bread and cheese, to which he invited Mr. Ellery's attention, having found him crowded into a corner, passive and unresisting — though how he gained admission, he could not very well explain.

The shooting was indifferent. No one had done more than to scatter a few feathers from the poor turkey, which at every shot ducked her head, while the crowd shouted and jeered the unsuccessful marksman, who quickly vanished behind the front row of spectators. Grace had seen enough of this, and proposed to Ned to leave, when Derwent stepped up, and laying down his fee, slowly raised his rifle. He was well dressed, and well looking, and many believed and wished that he might hit the bird.

"That was a good shot! Hoora! hoora!" was heard on all sides, as the wings of the bird drooped on the ground.

Derwent was elated — shook hands with all — invited all to go and drink. But he wilted into insignificance, and drooped his crest, as he met Jim Haskill's eye; who, pushing through the crowd from where he had been standing, partly hidden by a tree, said —

"Stand by, men — cruelty is mean — back a minute" — and raising his rifle, he touched the trigger, when the head of the bird was lying on the ground.

This shot entirely eclipsed Derwent's glory—and "hoo-ra! for Jim!" sounded upon all sides. "Give us another, Jim!" "Let's see another shot!"

"Has any body a dollar?" asked Jim. "Ho! Derwent!" he cried, as his eye caught him, in full retreat—"here—send up a dollar, just for a shot, you know—it can't hurt it. You know you owe me?"

Derwent fumbled in his pocket for the coin.

"Now up with it," said Jim.

"I can't throw high enough," said he in reply. And really he did not seem strong.

"Here," said a six-foot, lathy fellow, "I'll shy it for you," and up it went. As it turned, high over head, Jim raised his rifle, and—click—the metal rang again. The crowd in great excitement ran to find it. It appeared that the ball had perforated the silver with a tolerably clean cut. Jim took it in his hand, and looking around gave it to Grace, saying—

"I am sorry that I have no ribbon for it, but you can furnish it."

"Hooray for Jim's sweetheart! Hooray!"

Grace hurried away at this unlooked for publicity, not knowing what might happen next.

Jim whispered to Derwent as he passed him—"I'll credit you on account."

The day passed rapidly away, with races, horse and foot, —jumping—wrestling—intriguing—drinking. The more sedate took up their march for home, before night fall. Through the woods the shout and song of some over-excited parties grew fainter and fainter. All of our friends had left, except Uncle Tom, who remained in consultation with his disappointed and angry friends. Night gathered

itself upon the scene, yet Derwent lingered. With a knot of his acquaintances, he tried hard to drink down the devil of his heart. But it will not do, Harry. 'T will be better to go home sober, and by daylight.

It was well into the night, when Uncle Tom rode slowly homeward—oppressed and weary—but not until toward midnight did Derwent and his good fellows collect themselves for a start. They would have made a sorry appearance by daylight, as they sat loosely on their horses, and shouted rather than sang scraps of songs, which it is not desirable to repeat here.

One by one they dropped off upon their several ways, until Derwent rode alone. He might have heard the faint autumn wind as it sighed through the trees, or the flicker of the whippoorwill startled from its repose. But he heard not them. He was trying to remember that last song—"Snappo—snappo—" Oh, Landlady have you'—What is it? Oh, damn it—snappo?" Finding that the words would not come to him, he concluded to sing out what he did know, and that well. So on he went—"Snappo, snappo"—louder and louder, until the discordant note of the screech owl sounded in his ears, and his horse came to a dead stand, throwing him forward on his neck. He was frightened and sobered, and tried to recover himself, but it was too late, for he stood face to face with Jim Haskill.

"Ha, ha," chuckled Jim—"so you fell off. If it had n't been for me, you'd have broke your head—and then where would you have been?"

He held him up by the collar; for the poor creature was hardly able to stand. He sustained himself by Jim's arm, and gasped rather than asked—"What are you going to do, Jim?"

Again Jim's chuckle—"What would you do, if you was me now?"

"Do n't kill me, Jim," again quavered Derwent.

"Kill you! ha, ha. I do n't kill skunks"—and he hissed in his ear, "they 're sneaking, dirty critters."

"Oh, Jim—I'll do any thing if you'll let me off—give any thing—promise—

"Why, fool," said Jim, "What ails you? You fell off yourself. Why do n't you stand up?" and he jerked him roughly by the collar.

This revived Derwent, who, making an effort, cast himself from Jim's hand, saying:

"That's right; I do n't know what's the matter, but I believe I was drunk;" and he smiled his sickly smile, which faded into a ghastly grin, as Jim laid his hand on his shoulder, saying—

"This is most as fine a night as them at the camp meeting, eh?"

His poor victim shivered from head to foot.

"Do n't hold so hard, Jim. I did n't mean any thing—upon my—soul I did n't."

"Upon what?" said Jim, with his peçuliar laugh.

"I'll pay"—said Derwent—"How much'll you take and let me off?"

"But you fell off yourself. What should I let off? I have nothing to do with you, you know? Would n't you like to have me catch your horse, now?" said Jim, as he loosed his arm. Derwent again taking hope, at least desperation, thrust his hand into his breast in search of a pistol which he carried; for he was one of those who value their worthless lives so highly, that they have an overweening belief that all the world are watching an opportunity to snatch them away. In his nervous and

desperate state, the thought that he might shoot Jim, while he was after his horse, flashed upon his mind, and without coming to distinctness, he cocked the weapon. The sharp click struck upon Jim's ear; for he had moved but a step, and he again grasped the weak arm.

"What is it? Let's see—something that'll bark? Out with it! come!" and he grasped the arm tighter, until Derwent half screamed, as he pulled out the pistol and snapped it, perhaps involuntarily, so that the flash was scorching to his own face as well as Haskill's.

"That's a purty way to handle edge tools," said Jim, not now relaxing his grasp of Derwent's arm, from which the body vainly tried to free itself. "You would n't hurt me?"

"God o' mercy!" said Derwent, "let me go! Oh, Jim, I'll do any thing—tell you any thing—give any thing. Oh, Jim, do n't hurt me—I never hurt Bessy—mercy, Jim!"

"Where is she?"

Derwent hastily told him where he had left her.

"She's not there," Jim replied.

"Then I do n't know—upon my soul."

Jim chuckled again.

"I do n't—I would n't lie, Jim. Now let me go—now Jim!" but Jim slowly drew out from his breast some strong thongs of half-tanned deer's hide, which were fastened stiffly to a short stock. He held it before Derwent's face. "Do you see that?"

"I can't see any thing, Jim. Oh, do let me go!"

"Well, do you feel it? ha, ha!"

Derwent raised a shrill cry which, if heard at all by any but himself and Haskill, was numbered only with one of the screams of the birds of prey, which were awake upon this eventful night.

There are times, when other than known influences seem to work; when the air is full of sounds; when men sleep uneasily, and dream strange dreams; and bird and beast have no rest. Jack, the Newfoundland, who usually slept upon the door seat, changed his position, and walked out unquietly, like a watchman going his rounds. He sent up, at intervals, his long, low howl, and from farm house to farm house, the dogs bayed hoarsely. But what white figure is this, toward which he moves stealthily? Why does he not give his warning bark? He snuffs around in circles, until some slight motion reassures him, and he raises himself and looks in her face. She sings to him in her low voice—

There 's a spirit within,

Who dares deny?

Ah, Trip! you rogue!

You lurk in his eye.

She sat down, and the dog laid himself in her lap, and seemed quiet.

But Grace was sleeping heavily. She had taken her book and candle, intending to wait in her own room her father's return; for she was anxious and uneasy respecting him.

Overcome, however, with the fatigues of the day, her eyelids gradually closed, and the book fell upon her lap. She slept on, at times starting, but not so as to awaken. The candle flashed fitfully and burnt itself out—yet she did not wake—but dreamed, naturally enough, of the poor Bessy, who she thought was not dead, but still saying to her in her simple, wild way—

“ We shall meet again,
Nor part for years;
In the bright, blue worlds,
No hunger there — no storms — no tears.”

She thought she heard a low laugh, and it jarred upon her nerves—but the chant went on—

“ Believe it not,
For 't is all a lie,
That there are no worlds
In the bright, blue sky.”

Again she heard a laugh, which this time sounded strangely, like the harsh chuckle of Jim Haskill. She slept on until the morning's sun streamed into her face through the open window—but she woke with surprise, and unrefreshed.

Uncle Tom, as has been said, returned home much exhausted. He went to his room without awakening any person. Taking his letters from the mantlepice, among which he had noticed one from Wainwright, he hastily broke the seal and read—

“ I can make no excuse—nothing can explain to you, not even to myself this overwhelming result of my life; which, it is truth to say, is increased in misery a thousand fold, by the reflection that I carry with me to ruin those friends in whose good opinion I have found my chief pride—yourself among the number.”

The room seemed oppressively small to Uncle Tom. He raised his hand to his head, for his eyes were clouded, and made a movement toward the window—but he could

not reach it, and sank slowly into his low bed, and without pain passed quietly away to a world far from this—where he shall find that rest for which he sought in vain here.

They sat at the breakfast table and wondered that Uncle Tom did not appear—he was usually so prompt—but remembering that he had been greatly fatigued and excited, it was not very strange—and the meal proceeded in comparative silence, until Ned, who had returned with them, said—“Perhaps, Grace, you had better ring the bell?”

“I will call him myself,” she said, as she rose from her chair.

Uncle John and Ned were startled by a slight scream, and hastened after her, when they found she had fainted upon touching Uncle Tom’s cold hand.

Ned rushed to the stable, and mounting a horse, rode to the village for a surgeon, while Uncle John took needful steps to revive Grace and Uncle Tom—but for the latter, it was too late—his soul had fled.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As Ned rode swiftly toward the village, he furnished a new source of speculation. Two antique women were gossiping, with a fence between them, with enlarged eyes, and curiously contorted expressions.

“What *do* you think?”

“What—eh! what is it?”

“Why, I woke up in the night, and heard the most terrible cries and screeches; and, thinks I to myself, the witches has a holiday, because Old Derwent’s nominated. Well—I feel asleep—”

“Well, and then—?”

“No—I was just about to fall asleep, when I heard a rushing sound,—as if a thousand horses was riding by,—and then I got up and looked out;—and I heard—what do you think—”

“What?—what was it?”

“A horrible yell!—and what do you think that was?”

“A panther?”

“It was somebody killing Harry Derwent!”

This is the way she had gathered the rumors; but loosely, for it was at least two miles away where he was that morning found—and not dead either, but dreadfully bruised and mutilated. And now he lies in his own father’s house, and all the village is busy in speculation, as to whether he will die, and what is the cause of this strange affair, and who was the perpetrator of the strange

deed. Derwent's own pistol had been found, and his face was burnt with powder; but it was impossible to say that he had been shot.

The stroke to Uncle Tom was a new ingredient thrown into the fermenting mind; but it would not cohere with Derwent's accident; and it is not strange, rumor so often grows out of truth, that the belief was almost universal, that Jim Haskill was at the bottom of that;—although why, was involved in mystery to all, but the three or four whom we have seen knew the facts.

The conclusion of Wainwright's letter, which had, no doubt, precipitated the catastrophe with Uncle Tom, was thus:—

“I do not seek to extenuate, but to repair, the follies—the crimes into which I have so weakly allowed myself to be led. From a small beginning it has all grown;—one successful speculation has been my ruin—which carries with it yours. This is too much, and I cannot stay to face either your anger or kindness, which would be still harder to bear. I go to atone and repair, so far as Providence spares me the time, this great wrong which I have committed. You will hear from me again.

“C. WAINWRIGHT.”

Grace made the necessary effort to get through with the painful duties which now devolved upon her; but it was plain to the most superficial observer that she was acting. A few days had worked a wonderful change in her appearance. In place of a bright, sparkling face, she was now pallid, like one who had been worn with sickness and suffering;—her eye was cold and expressionless;—and 't was only when recalled to herself that she roused

her old spirit. As the excitement wore away, so did her strength; and Uncle John began to have serious fears.

"I cannot help it, Uncle John," she said. "It is useless to tell me that I am nervous,—is that nothing?"

"But, Gracie, I know that it is the most difficult thing to cure; yet I know that it is susceptible of cure:—and, without flattering you, I know that you are able to make the necessary effort."

"I will do any thing," she replied, "but you must urge me, and bear with me."

Ned was as careful of her as of a child; and when they rode together, as they did,—not now on their brave horses, but in a low and cushioned carriage,—he would try to raise her spirits, as she lay upon his shoulder, and to fan again the smouldering flame which once had burned so brightly. She revived, however, but slightly,—and, upon the approach of winter, Uncle John determined to collect together what little remained of Uncle Tom's property, which, with his own, might suffice, and try a change of scene and objects.

"Take me any where," said Grace, "except into the towns,—I shall be worse there than I am here. I am cold enough now:—freeze me to death in Norway, but not there."

One short summer only had been passed on the banks of this pleasant river,—where, at first so broad and beautiful, a life had been spread out before them;—in one short day so many changes had come over it,—and now they bade to all a sad and silent adieu. Once more we shall meet them again.

Of the other persons here mentioned, a short account may be desirable:—

Harry Derwent lived; but he lived—a wreck of his former self. His few accomplishments, and he had nothing else, were useless without his beauty; and that had given place to a broken countenance, which none loved to look upon.

The elder Derwent, too, was crushed by this visitation, and renounced his schemes of ambition;—relinquishing the nomination, which was assumed by Peter Williams,—and secured; a fact which should gladden the hearts of all travelers, for he religiously kept his vow as to the roads.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PASSING over some four years, we see Uncle John, whose hair has grown a shade grayer,* sitting on the ragged rocks which overlook the sea. He holds a little child in his arms, to whom he is pointing out the sail of a small sloop, yet at some distance: too far for the boy to get it distinctly in his eye; though his replies would indicate that he has the idea—for he repeats the more prominent words—

“Boat—mamma”—

“Yes, there they are, Mark. Very soon they will be at home.”

“Home”—the child replies.

The wind is light but gradually freshens, for there are clouds where the sun is going down—and the boat comes rapidly in. As she draws near the cove, some one waves a handkerchief, which Mark sees, and by Uncle John’s assistance replies to with his hat. They hurry down to meet them—and when they reappear near the house, Ned is carrying the child; and Grace, dressed in a sort of tunic, adapted to her present style of life, is telling Uncle John of her adventure with a large fish, when they are all surprised by the appearance of their old friends, Mr. Ellery and Mr. Scranton, on the porch.

Mr. Scranton, shaking hands with all, says—

“This is surprising. Why Grace, you look younger than ever.”

"I am glad to hear that—but tell us, where did you come from?"

They soon felt at home and at ease—and as the twilight comes on, explain that having obtained leave of absence for a few days, they have taken their horses and ridden across ('t was a hundred miles) to shake hands with them—a thing which they had been promising themselves for months.

"But Ned," said Mr. Scranton, "how do you satisfy yourself here? You are too young to get so much out of the world."

"I am not out of the world," he replies, "only just on the outskirts. Why, I will tell you, Mr. Scranton, I got sick, nauseated, with the coarse, mercantile spirit, which is so rank, pretty early in life, and I have not recovered from it. I am willing to work hard, if it is necessary; but I will not speculate. I intend to live my life, as it passes, and not make of it a purgatory, which is to prepare me for a possible heaven of gold."

"That's right," Mr. Ellery replies, and makes some illustrations, drawn from his store of Grecian fable.

They talked again of the events which had taken place on the river, at their old home; for Grace had recovered her tone of mind, and with it her health. The house, commenced by Uncle Tom, had been finished. John and Jemima had gone into a partnership, and now displayed a large sign of "Dry goods, Groceries, and Fashionable Bonnets"—where, as John himself said, he sold every thing "from goose yokes to pulpits!"

The fate of two other persons, may possibly be of interest to the reader.

It was a few weeks after this visit that Grace (she was certainly awake) heard the same voice which had

sounded to her on the night when Uncle Tom died. She rubbed her eyes in some doubt—but it was so; it must be Bessy Haskill—there is, then, no mistake this time? She could not hear the words, but she dressed herself quickly and went in search of Ned, who was watching from the rocks a light canoe, built of bark, which contained two persons—Jim Haskill and his daughter. He had drawn the boat out of the water, and proceeded to make a little fire, while Bessy sang as she wandered in search of wild flowers and bird's nests.

Jim was disturbed in his preparations, by Jack, who burst down upon him from among the bushes. Having soon recognized him, he started quickly for his boat, calling to Bessy, when Ned appeared, followed by Grace. Jim at first refused to say or do any thing with them. But Grace's kindness to Bessy, softened him—and the result was, that they were both taken captive.

Jim had reformed what habit of drinking he formerly had, and was invaluable in farming—fishing—boat building, and in all the various occupations which were essential to their way of living,—while with care and attention, Grace was enabled to bring to some coherence the wandering wits of Bessy, though she always sang her thoughts and fancies. They still live with Mr. Lee and his three children, who were mentioned in our opening chapter—and there we will leave them.

Twice in every year, Uncle John received, through Wainwright's agent in New York, small sums of money—and although nothing more was heard of him, it was evident that he was expiating his follies, and trying to recover his self respect.

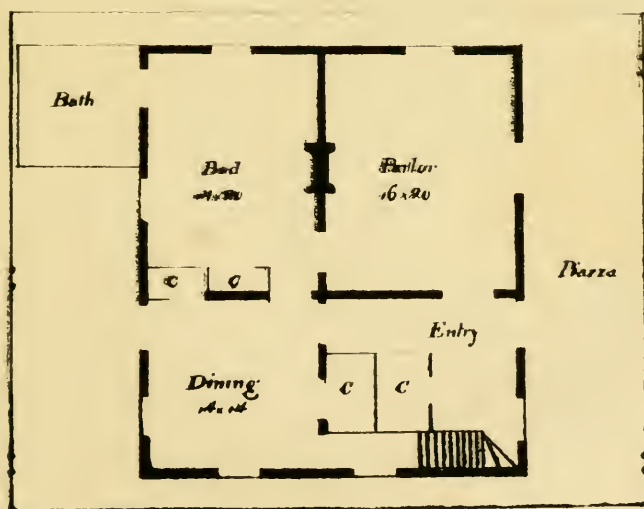
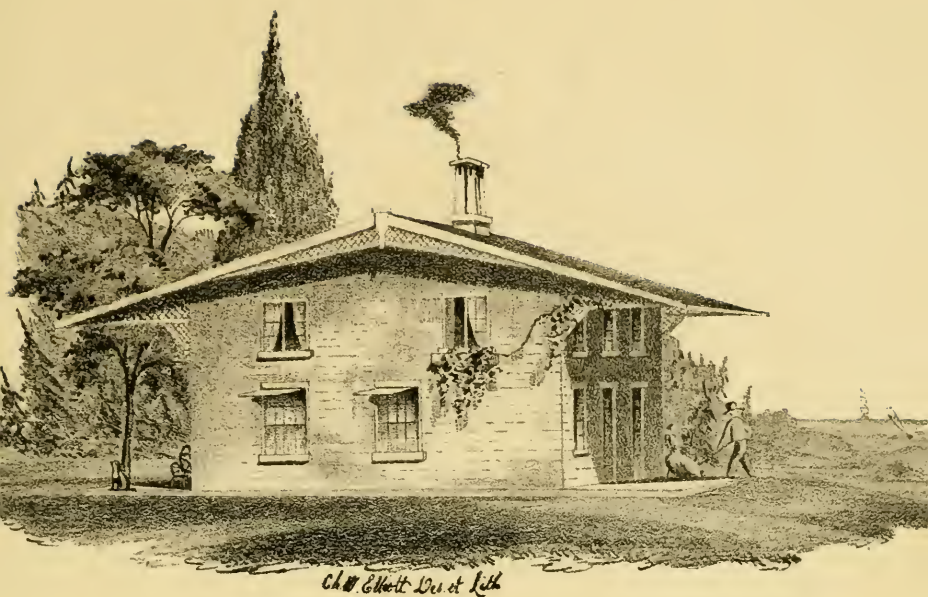
DESCRIPTION OF PLATE X.

THE two piazzas to this plan are made by a continuation of the rafters of the roof. The posts supporting them are latticed with lath or thin strips, and are intended for vines. In this drawing the posts are omitted. Under the window will be seen a box of earth in which morning glories, verbenas, &c., will grow, if watered every day. A single chimneystack, is intended to go from the basement, in which are a kitchen and bedroom—and to contain two fire places, or flues, in the upper chambers.

The front window of the parlor should open on to the piazza.

The room back of it has a part of the piazza inclosed for a bath room, or closet. The upper rooms will be cut off on the outer side by the roof, about a foot.

Estimate, \$1,680.



PARTICULARS.

At page 53 will be found some directions and details.

In the first place, if a carpenter tells you that this or that cannot be done, as for instance the projecting roofs, you are not obliged to believe him. He, like the rest of men, does as he was taught, and in no other way.

As to the *appearance of a House*, have a regard to the general effect, rather than the minute finishing; for instance in the stuccoed house, the tone of color is much more important than the imitation of stone. At a distance, the effect is the same, and near by, no one is taken in by the pretence.

It is best to consider such *Additions* as you may wish, and so manage your first building that they may be made conveniently and cheaply.

It is *not* an objection that the *Roof* of a house is visible, though this has been a very common belief. In a snowy country the steep roofs, like to Plates III and VII, are considered appropriate and useful. In the designs here shown, it will be noticed that the roofs extend beyond the walls. To most persons the effect is pleasing, because it is suggestive of use in carrying off the rains, and in protecting, to some degree, the sides of the building, particularly such as are stuccoed. The usual projection is from one to four feet.

The *Verge Boards* (see Plate XII), which give so pleasing a finish to these roofs, should be cut from two-inch plank—should be bold and distinct—are more beautiful if made to drop perpendicularly from the rake of the gables, like moss, or stalactites.

For the *Colors* of houses, see some tints in "Downing's Cottages," which are good. In general, the different shades of building stone are appropriate, for houses built of brick and wood. The verge boards, window and door casings, and outside *finishings*, should be a little darker than the body of the house, instead of lighter, as is now so common; to find a reason for this, look in London Encyclopedia, &c.; and the sash should be black, or nearly so. Washes made of lime are not very desirable.

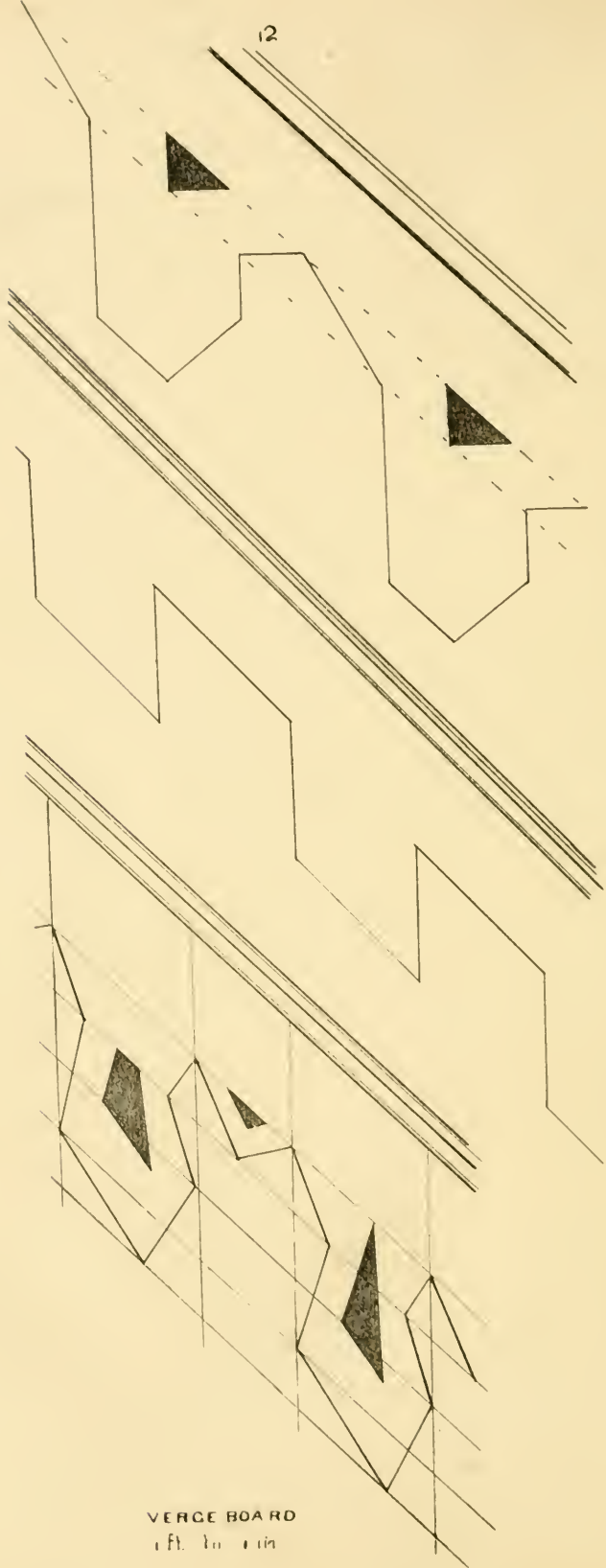
All the varieties of *Italian House* should be quite light in color, and for a summer house, of a cool tone. The different shades of gray are clean and pleasing. The *English Cottage* style of house is associated with stone as its material, and may be a little darker and warmer in tone. A very good effect in a cheap house, is to put on the weather boards rough, with battled joints, and then oiling the surface (using no paint of course). The Plate III in this series is battled. That is, the weather boarding is inch plank, cut into uniform widths of not more than six or eight inches, and nailed on perpendicularly. Over the joints battens of half-inch stuff, one inch to one and a half inch broad, are nailed on. This is tight and cheap.

Green Blinds are now becoming unpopular. Green has been over done. The better color generally is that of the house darkened. When the walls are of stone, the inside blinds are more convenient and cheaper, because they will double into boxes in the window casings.

Windows of a pretty size are made with 12 lights of 10 by 16 inch glass. In many of these plans it will be noticed that sash doors are used for the lighting of entryways, as more effectual than the small "transom light" in common use.

The design for a casement window, in Plate XIII, can be made with plain or stained glass. It is believed that the following arrangement will be good—these figures referring to those on the plate.

1. Sky blue.
2. Light orange.



VERGE BOARD

1 ft. 10 in

3. Mazarin blue.

4. Claret.

The double glazed doors, opening to the piazza floors, should be four feet wide. A single panel at the bottom may be used in place of glass—being safer.

Some two inches higher than a chair seat is high enough for the windows to stand from the floor, in rooms with ten feet ceilings.

Wide *Piazas* are always desirable, say from ten to fourteen feet. A cheap and good roof may be made to them by using matched flooring with battens, as before mentioned.

Ventilation above the sleeping rooms should always be provided for; unless a small window can be introduced by having a piece of the weatherboarding in each end, movable with a hinge or other contrivance and cord, so that at any time a draft can be made.

As far as possible, arrange the bed rooms to open into a passage way, rather than into one another. It is not at all necessary that there should be a fire place in *every* chamber.

For *Closets*, it is quite as cheap, and on some accounts more convenient, that they should be movable; that is, “wardrobes.” I mean by this, rather than sacrifice room in the chambers, make closets of common inch boards, and paint them like the other wood work.

One *Large Room* is desirable in every house, and in general I have so arranged the interiors. In all rooms a better effect is produced if the light enters from one side and one end, rather than from the two ends.

The *Kitchen* in many of these plans is supposed to be in the basement; in which case the *Sliding Closet*, or “Dumb waiter,” is very desirable. This is now so well understood that an explanation will not be necessary. From the dining room, an inch tin speaking tube may go through the wall to the kitchen—and in the floor under the table, a spring, with which the foot rings a bell, can be made. This is when the table is supposed to be permanent. It will be seen that a kitchen above ground can be put on to each of these plans, if it is preferred.

As few *Chimneys* as possible are introduced. These should, when practicable, come out near the ridge of the roofs. If placed on the outer wall, the radiation of heat is sometimes so great as to check the draft.

Flues, containing one hundred and forty-four square inches, have been found to draw well. They should as far as practicable be straight; and when bent, it should not be suddenly. They should never be contracted above where the smoke enters.

Provide a good brick *Oven*. It is necessary in the country.

One *Stair Case* has also been made to answer, when practicable. In all large houses it is desirable to have a private one, for the various conveniences of servants, &c.

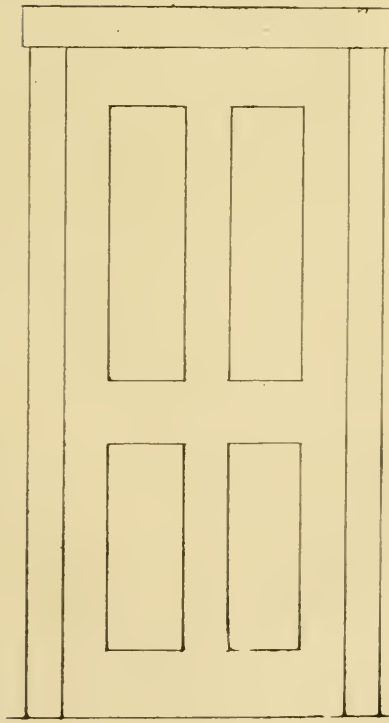
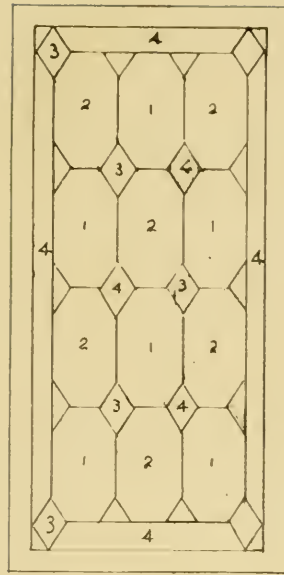
Deadening Floors ("pugging") is practiced in well-built houses at present. That is, plastering between the floor and ceilings, with mortar.

In stone houses, it is not proper to plaster on to the wall. Always "fur off" and lath, for the inner walls. In this way the dampness which collects upon them, does not get into the room, spoiling the paper, &c.

In a house built of wood, if upon the weather boards, it is furred off, lathed and plastered—so making an air chamber next to the outer covering, and another next the inner coat of plaster, it is found to be a great protection against the changes of temperature.

Respecting the wood work, the *Finishing* of the inside of a house, a great saving may be made by using a three or four inch molding for the doors and windows, instead of what is called "pilaster," and other expensive work. This may be made entirely plain (Plate XIII), or with an O. G. The moldings, which are commonly used in the door panels, may be omitted. Heavy and expensive doors are not necessary in a cheap house. They may be worked out of one and a half inch stuff. All this, it must be understood, is cheap, and would not be fit for a house like Plate I.

The *Cellar* should be provided with an effectual drain, when not dug in a gravelly subsoil. Closets and bins are of great use in it.



A "grout" mortar, for the floor, is made of three parts gravel and sand and one part lime, spread upon the ground two or three inches deep.

The *Bathing Room* may be supplied with warm water from a boiler behind the kitchen fire. When the bathing tub is above the level of the boiler, a *tank* placed higher than it will be supplied with heated water from the boiler by having two pipes which will carry on a circulation between the boiler and tank.

All of these plans are arranged with a scale of sixteen feet to the inch. And, in the *general* estimate of cost, are supposed to be of wood, and to be built in a plain, but good way. It will be safe to add to my estimates, twenty-five per cent. for the extras.

OF GARDENING.

The Landscape Gardener should precede the Architect and Builder: as the best site for the house is a matter of moment. This should not be, as it seems to me, upon the highest point of land, because such portions are bleak—exposed on all sides, furnish no relief, no back ground to the building. To command a view—to have the advantage of shade, and shelter, and water—to have the barn and out buildings near, yet not conspicuous; to permit of easy drainage from the cellar, if it is necessary; to be easy of access from the highway;—these are to be considered. Should a man have it in view to build, he should at once have more or less of his planting done, both shade and fruit trees, as they will be so much in advance, when he comes to live; and if he should not build, it is no loss. As far as practicable make divisions which are *necessary* about the house, of the ha-ha, or blind fence, or of hedges, for which purpose the *Maclura* or *Osage* orange is believed to be one of the most desirable plants.

The *Carriage Way* is of consequence. It is idle to say that it should in no case be straight. A fine, wide, shaded avenue is a

desirable thing. But should the distance be considerable, any person will see that it may be *monotonous*. At present the carriage way is allowed to take the direction which the face of the ground makes the easiest, if it does not lead too much out of the course.

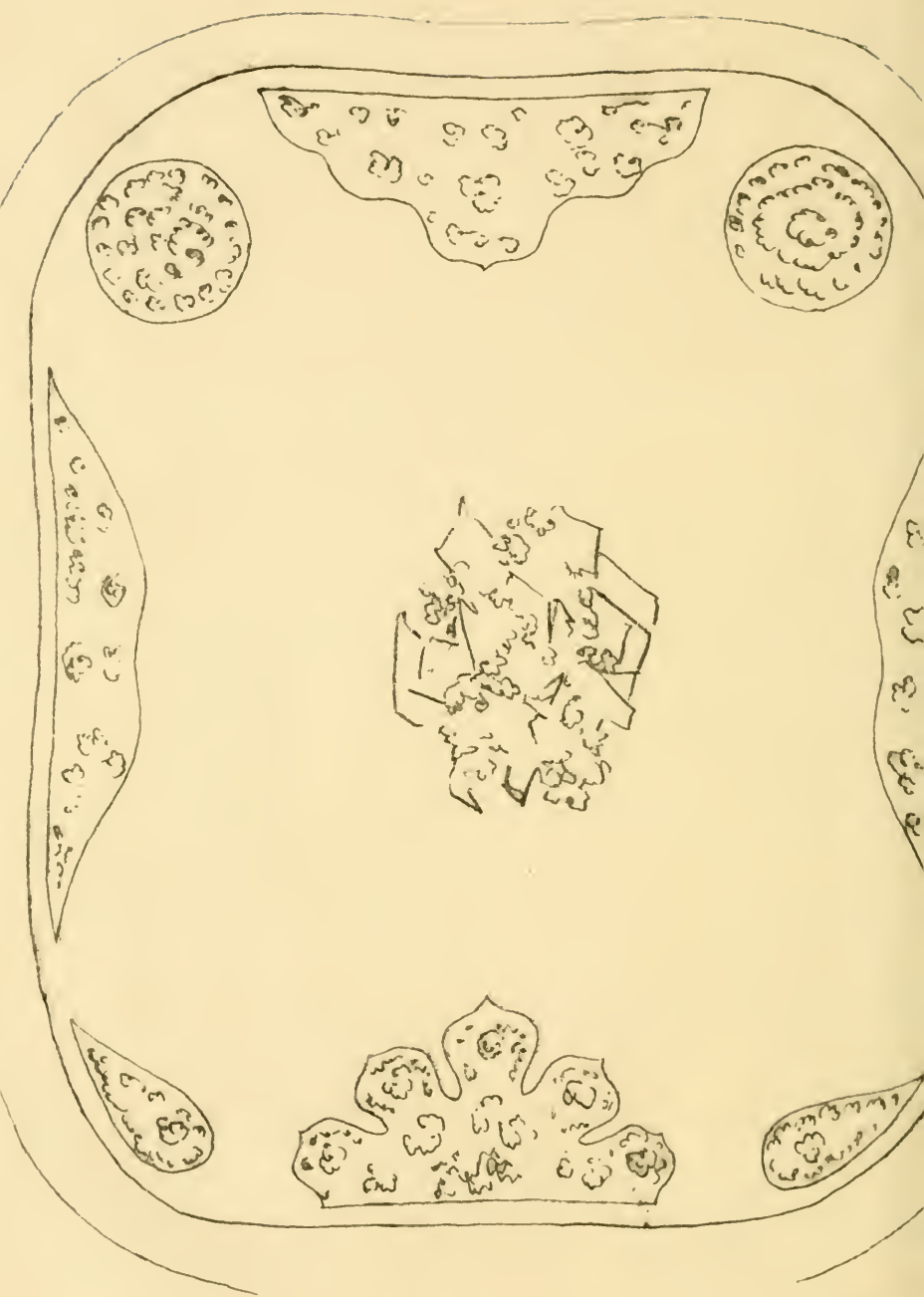
It is a sort of vexation to have the object in your eye, and be taken out of your way to get to it. One should take care that the turns are not too sudden. The proper width of this road must vary with the size of the house and grounds: from nine to twenty feet. A depth of six inches of gravel answers for carriages and light weights; let this come up even with the turf, and be slightly rounded toward the middle. Keep the edges of the road and the walks closely mown, and rolled smooth.

In planting upon it, a constant succession of one variety of tree at regular distances is also tame and uninteresting. It is desirable to introduce a variety, and to arrange them in groups, having a connection with one another; each variety of foliage and form in harmony, as in contrast with the rest. (See Plate XIV, supposed to contain ten acres.)

The *Foot Walks* should be four or five feet wide, and should, when practicable, lead to some object—a view—or a summer house—or a fine tree, and continue on so that the return may be by another path. If at convenient points, rough seats are placed, it adds to their pleasures, for one *can* rest, if necessary.

For *Foot Walks*, use gravel and lime; three parts of the latter to one of the former, and lay it on two to four inches deep, with a shovel: it hardens at once, and relieves one of the discomfort of walking for a long time over the shifting and rolling pebbles. On inclined surfaces it does not so easily wash away, and is less liable to be overrun with grass and weeds.

As to the *Flower Beds*, it is desirable, in any place of considerable extent, to set apart a portion of ground for them; of which some of the windows of the house command a sight; and through which one might go to a grapery or green house. But a very beautiful way is to cut them in circles, or other graceful shapes, upon the edges



FLOWER GARDEN

30 BY 60 FT.

of the walks; making the soil rich and deep, (eighteen inches.) (See Plate XV.)

A *Group of Rocks*, partially covered with creepers and flowering plants, is a pleasing object. (See center of Plate XV.)

Water is always desirable, in the distance and at hand. In very many situations, a spring, or a small stream, will supply the evaporation of a pretty-sized pond, in which the lilies and the water plants will thrive. The deeper it can be made the better.

Of Garden buildings, or structures, the principal are a green house, or conservatory, grape house, summer house, spring house, garden seats, bowers, grottoes.

A cheap *Green House* can be made, by building up the walls with inch boards nailed on each side of scantling, and filling in the spaces with tan or saw dust. The top lights are all which are *necessary*, some part of which should be made to slide, so as to give fresh air to the plants in all fine and warm days. A single flue, built of common brick, set edgeways, three bricks high and covered with the same, (though a thin tile is better,) with the furnace or fire place opening on the outside, to burn either coal or wood, will warm a small house. Such a building, fourteen feet by twenty, may be made for fifty to seventy-five dollars. The treatment is very simple for all of the common tender plants; to keep the temperature as nearly equal as possible, ranging between 50° and 70°; and to give water carefully and sparingly, when the plants are not growing, when at rest, commonly in December.

But a *Conservatory* connected with the dwelling is perhaps prettier, as in Plate VIII. In this a few large plants are permanent in the ground. And pots can be set upon shelves.

The details of *The Grapery* cannot be given here. Almost all persons can have access to a work, or can consult an experienced man.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

In the arrangement of the grounds, large or small, a considerable degree of experience, quickness, and artistic feeling, is desirable. The purpose of the old method, which is sometimes called the "Dutch manner," seems to have been to show how *much man* could do—how much better the trees cut out with shears were than those which God had made to grow. Every thing in nature was therefore, in particulars and details, forced so as to become unnatural.

Landscape Gardening, the opposite of this, now prevails, and is carried so far as to be thought by many to be the same in its intentions as Landscape painting.

The Landscape Painter likes to introduce into his *foregrounds* a decaying log, a few docks, and tall mullens: some good broken rocks lie in his roads. In the middle distance, men will be cutting down his trees—a broken bridge very likely appears. All of this is opposed to Landscape Gardening.

The Gardener in place of these will fill the eye with clean flower beds—fine shrubs, an aloe, or a palm. He will relieve his bridge from stiffness by planting near it trees. In the place of tangled grass, the edges of his roads and walks will be trimmed and neat.

The true meaning of Landscape Gardening, I think, is not to make a picture which in whole and in detail would be fit to transfer to canvass, but, *to take care of nature*—to show that man has a feeling for the beautiful—that with a kindly hand he has raised the tree which the winds have beaten down—that he has replaced the vine which has been torn from its fastenings, checked the rampant growth of some one branch, who would stretch himself at the expense of the rest. That he has added to the riches of his own garden the beautiful and desirable of other countries.

This is particularly true of the graceful manner of Gardening. Where rocks abound, and the combinations of nature are picturesque, the manner of gardening would be affected by these, and the character

of the trees introduced would be a greater proportion of the larches evergreens, and those with pointed and irregular outlines. Among the rocks one would be likely to introduce flowering plants, vines, and creepers, which were not native to the spot.

In arranging walks, summer houses, and other particulars in Landscape Gardening, this seems to be too little considered the expense—compared with the result. By a great outlay of money and labor, much effect is produced of course, in some direction. I would caution country folks against doing this. It should be borne in mind, that every path made, and flower garden arranged, must have a constant aftercare, or it becomes unsightly, and disagreeable. “A little of what’s good and plenty of it,” is a pithy and comprehensive saw; but in a small place, and with a limited income, “a little of what’s good,” is as much as should be attempted in the outset. Having a plan of the whole in the beginning, the improvements should go on as fast and as far as each man’s inclination leads, and purse allows.

Bear in mind this, that in all forms of gardening, nature works constantly—man does a little, and she does the rest. It is unfortunate for a person to live in the idea that his removal cuts him off from the benefits of his planting and watering. The planting, the occupation, is in itself a benefit, even if he never tastes of the fruit, or sits under the shades. If his predecessor had not acted upon the same small theory, he would then be enjoying the *ultimate* benefit of *his* labors.

It is true that the labor of *one hour* in each day will keep the flower beds and walks, with the exception perhaps of the carriage way of a small place, like the sketch following (Plate XIV), in neatness and order. But if any one undertakes, let him or let her be regular; it must be made a business, if it is not a pleasure.

PLAN FOR GROUNDS.

(SEE PLATE IX.)

The house, it will be seen, is supposed to overlook a lake or river, and the best views are secured from the windows of the living rooms. Near to it, the small flower garden, with beds cut in the turf, will be seen; beyond which are the orchards and stable.

The grounds are supposed to contain about ten acres: and to give greater variety to them, the carriage way leads back to the gate by a route which is hidden from the approach by the form of the ground, and the trees. When gravel is expensive, this double road, as it may be called, can be dispensed with. The house is seen from the gate, and is then out of sight in riding, until one approaches quite near to it.

One of the principal features here is the continued shaded walk, which, commencing at the house, leads past the spring house to the summer house (this commands a water view) through the broken ground, across a rustic bridge, to a cell, or grotto, built with rocks, continues on to a shaded seat, and is lost in the flower garden. This walk should be four or five feet wide, and will be better if covered with coarse mortar three inches deep.

The evergreens are indicated by the points; and the garden between the house and stable is inclosed with a hedge.

The arched roofs are the most beautiful for conservatories and for green houses, and are said to be cheaper. Examples may be seen at Mr. Sargent's, on the Hudson River, near Fishkill Landing, and at Mr. Gray's, near Boston.

Summer Houses may be of any shape. Octagonal is preferred. The diameter should not be less than eight feet. If built of the bodies and branches of trees, these should be cut in the winter, when the bark is fast to the wood. A covering to the roof, of bark, answers in place of thatch. The interiors are sometimes lined with moss, and are very beautiful. (See Plate XVI.)



Garden Seats are easily and cheaply made with the branches of trees, commonly called "Rustic Work";—are the most pleasing, though not the most durable. (Plate XVI.)

A grape vine covering a tree may make a shaded *Bower*.

A *Bee House*, in which the hives are placed, is attractive to almost all, beside being profitable. It should open on one side, where it gets the morning sun, with doors which could be closed in winter.

A *Poultry House*, large enough, say twelve by fifteen feet, is very desirable; having a high, picketed yard, inclosed, through which if possible there should be running water.

A *Pigeon House* on the roof, or in the roof of the above, is profitable; but is likely to spoil the rain water if too near the dwelling house.

For the *Kitchen Garden* the first thing necessary to success is a well-manured, rich soil. Particularly for the Asparagus, Sea Kale, and Rhubarb beds, which should be dug eighteen inches deep. One of the largest of the Rhubarbs is the Victoria; for the early, the Scarlet, and Tobolsk. *Currants*, *Gooseberries*, and *Raspberries*, may be planted to cover the fences; they should be thinned out of all old and dead wood, and of many of the soft, sucker shoots. For most of the details of the Kitchen Garden, see *Bridgeman's Gardener's Assistant*; also, Buist's cheap and portable books.

Connected with this subject, a *Root House* may be mentioned. It should be made in a hill side, and so below the surface as to be secure from frost. Where cellar room is not in plenty, this is particularly necessary, and it is preferable for many vegetables, as they do not wilt, and they can also easily be covered in sand or earth.

For a plan of *Ice House*, see page 54.

A proper room for *Tools*, and for working in bad weather, is necessary.

For the *Orchards*. It is said "it is not worth the trouble to try to raise Peaches," or Pears, or Plums, or Cherries, or *this*, or *that*. It is quite true, but is there any thing else which it is *any more*

desirable to do? Trees are thought to be very ungrateful because, when stuck into the ground, they do not grow, and thrive, and bear, and be quite proof against insects, and frosts, and breaks, and bruises.

Plant trees in well-pulverized soil, and rather above, than below, the surface, raising the earth around them a little, as they sink some, and do not thrive when the roots are too deep. For all trees a strong wash of soft soap in the spring is very beneficial.

The *Apple* is quite hardy in most sections.

The *Pear* is subject to the fire blight, which is believed to result from the severe action of the winters. It is to some extent protected against this, by planting in rather poor soil, so that the growth will be slow and strong.

The *Cherry* is also subject in the West to this blight. In all cases the branches showing it should be cut off at once, to protect the rest of the circulation.

The *Peach* is liable to injury from the white worm, at the root. The most effectual way is to examine two or three times a year, and search them out with a knife. When the trees get advanced, if the bark is kept smooth and clean, they are not so subject to their attack.

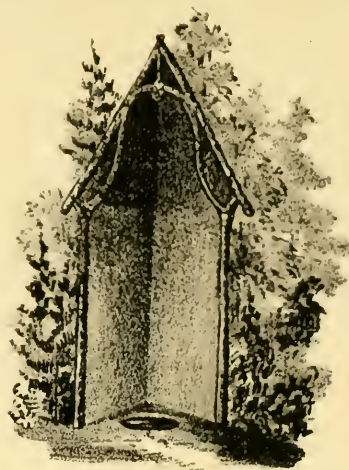
The *Plum* is stung in its fruit by the *Cureulio*, in some places to such an extent as to be quite useless. The eggs deposited in the punctures hatch into the fly after three weeks, and go on with their laying, so that if left alone the fruit is necessarily all destroyed. Keep the plum trees in an inclosure with pigs and fowls, who eat up the punctured fruit.

The same is true of the *Nectarine*.

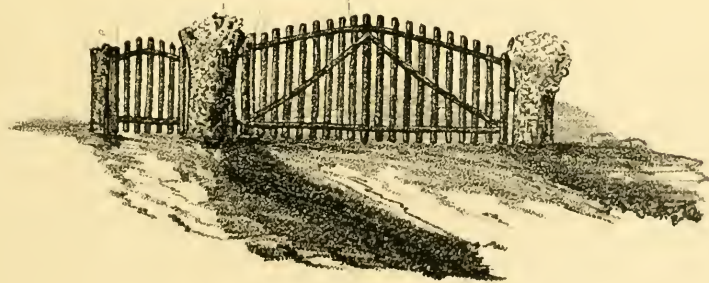
And to a less degree of the *Apricot*.

The *Quince* is quite hardy, and an excellent fruit; it will thrive in low grounds.

Grapes should be planted in rich and mellow ground; — may be grown on arbors, or to stakes.



Spring house



In Vineyard culture, on the banks of the Ohio, as high as a thousand gallons of wine have been made from the acre of Catawba grape. In some seasons, however, it fails entirely, from frosts, or the rotting of the fruit. A common yield is three to five hundred gallons, in good seasons.

Following this, is a list for three hundred good sorts of fruit trees. When near a market, more of the early varieties will be profitable:

FOR ONE HUNDRED APPLE TREES.

25 to 30 feet distant.

Winter—

7 Esopus Spitzenberg,
5 Roxbury, or Putnam Russet,
5 Jonathan,
5 Baldwin,
8 Newtown Pippin,
5 Wells Sweet,
5 Rhode Island Greening,
5 Bellflower,
5 Pearmain,
5 Chandler,
5 Golden Ball,
5 Pryor Red (Western),
3 Campfield (Sweet),
3 Ladies' Sweet,

Fall—

3 Fall Pippin,
5 Golden Russet,
3 Rambo,
3 Porter.

Summer—

3 Sweet Bough,
5 Harvest,
3 Strawberry.

2 Lady,
2 Yellow Siberian Crab.

FOR ONE HUNDRED PEACH TREES.

15 feet distant.

5 Cole's Early,	3 Snow Peach,
5 Early Rareripe,	5 Red Cheek Melocoton,
4 Prince's Rareripe,	5 Columbia,
5 Early Royal George,	3 Kenrick's Heath,
5 Early York,	5 President,
5 Crawford's Early Melocoton,	5 Grosse Mignonne,
10 George IV,	10 Heath Cling,
5 Morris White,	5 Lemon Cling,
5 Morris Red,	5 Large White Cling,
5 Yellow Rareripe,	5 Oldmixon Cling.

PARTICULARS.

FOR THIRTY PEARS.

*20 feet distant.**Early —*

- 1 Madeleine,
- 2 Bloodgood,
- 2 Dearborn's Seedling,
- 3 Bartlett.

Fall —

- 2 Seckle,
- 2 St. Michael, or Virgalien,
- 2 Fordante d'Automne,

- 2 Capiaumont,
- 2 Urbaniste.

Late —

- 2 Beurre Diel,
- 2 Passe Colmar,
- 2 Glout Morceau,
- 2 Easter Beurre,
- 2 Columbian,
- 2 Winter Nelis.

FOR TWENTY CHERRIES.

25 feet distant.

- 2 Belle de Choisey,
- 2 American Heart,
- 2 Bigarreau de Mai,
- 2 Bigarreau Napoleon,
- 2 Black Eagle,
- 2 Downer's Red,

- 2 Elton,
- 2 Black Tartarian,
- 1 Early White Heart,
- 1 May Duke,
- 1 Graffion,
- 1 Early May, or Early Richmond.

FOR TWELVE PLUMS.

15 feet distant.

- 2 Bleeker's Gage,
- 2 Coe's Golden Drop,
- 2 Imperial,

- 2 Jefferson.
- 2 Washington.
- 2 Duane's Purple.

FOR FIVE APRICOTS.

- 2 Moorpark,
- 1 Musch-musch,

- 1 Breda,
- 1 Turkey,

FOR THIRTY QUINCES.

12 feet distant.

- 15 Portugal,

- 15 Orange.

FOR THREE NECTARINES.

- 1 Boston,
- 1 Scarlet Cling,

- 1 New White.

GRAPES.

- Catawba, Wine and Table,
- Isabella, Do.

- Lenoir, for Table,
- Ohio, Do.

SHADE AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, ETC.

The following list is given—not as a complete one, but as containing, mostly, such things as can easily be had.

Sugar Maple,	<i>Acer saccharinum.</i>
Scarlet Maple.	“ <i>rubrum.</i>
Silver-leaf Maple.	“ <i>dasy carpum.</i>
Spanish Chestnut.	<i>Castanea.</i>
American Chestnut.	“ <i>vesca.</i>
European Ash.	<i>Fraxinus excelsior.</i>
American Ash.	“ <i>Americana.</i>
Weeping Ash.	“ <i>pendula.</i>
Three-thorned Acacia.	<i>Gleditschia triacanthos.</i>
Tulip Tree.	<i>Liriodendron tulipifera.</i>
European Larch.	<i>Larix Europea.</i>
American Sycamore.	<i>Platanus occidentalis.</i>
Lombardy Poplar.	<i>Populus dilitata.</i>
Silver-leaf Aspen.	“ <i>alba.</i>
Weeping Willow.	<i>Salix babylonica.</i>
Ring-leaf Willow.	“ <i>annularus.</i>
American Linden.	<i>Tilia glabra.</i>
American White Elm.	<i>Ulmus Americana.</i>
White Horse Chestnut.	<i>Æsculus hippocastanus.</i>
Kentucky Coffee.	<i>Gymnocladus Canadensis.</i>
American White Oak.	<i>Quercus alba.</i>
Overcup Oak.	“ <i>macrocarpa.</i>
English Oak.	“ <i>robus.</i>
American Cypress.	<i>Taxodium distichum.</i>
Magnolia.	<i>Magnolia acuminata.</i>
	“ <i>tripetila.</i>
	“ <i>macrophylla.</i>
	“ <i>soulangiana.</i>
	“ <i>conspicua.</i>
	“ <i>grandiflora.</i>
Osage Orange.	<i>Maclura aurantiaca.</i>
Red Bud.	<i>Cercis Canadensis.</i>
White Dogwood.	<i>Cornus Florida.</i>
Purple Beech.	<i>Fagus sylvatica, atro rubens.</i>
Pawlonia Imperialis.	

If trees are taken from the woods, get them from open and exposed situations. If taken from a thicket, they are very likely to die.

HARDY SHRUBS.

It is a common feeling, that it is desirable to have a great number of kinds; and so it is, when *all* are beautiful,—not otherwise, for ornamental uses.

- White Fringe Tree. *Chionanthus Virginica*.
 Laburnum, or Golden Chain. *Cytisus laburnum*.
 Hawthorn Pink. *Crategus oxyantha*.
 Hawthorn Double White. “ *flore pleno*.
 Hawthorn Evergreen. “ *pyracantha*.
 American Strawberry Tree. *Euonymus Americanus*.
 Silver Bell Tree. *Halesia tetraptera*.
 Althea Frutex, Variegated Rose of Sharon. *Hybiscus syriacus*.
 Magnolia. *M. glauca*.
 Fragrant Syringo. *Philadelphus coronarius*.
 Hop Tree. *Ptelea trifoliata*.
 Venetian Sumac, or Purple Fringe Tree. *Rhus cotinus*.
 Silvery Shepherdia, or Buffalo Berry. *Shepherdia argentea*.
 White and Purple Persian Lilac. *Syringa Persica*.
 Sweet-scented Shrub. *Calycanthus floridus*.
 Scarlet Japan Quince. *Cydonia Japonica*.
 Pink Mezereon. *Daphne mezereon*.
 Upright Honeysuckle. *Lonicera tartarica*.
 Rose Acacia. *Robina hispida*.
 Sorb-leaf Spirea. *Spirca sorbifolia*.
 St. Peter's Wreath. “ *hypericifolia*.
 Sweet Berberry. *Berberis dulcis*.
 Scarlet Currant. *Ribes sanguineum*.

HARDY EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.

- Norway Spruce Fir. *Abies communis*.
 Balsam Fir. “ *balsamea*.
 Hemlock Fir. “ *Canadensis*.
 White Pine. *Pinus strobus*.
 Scotch Pine. “ *sylvestris*.
 English Yew. *Taxus baccata*.
 American Arborvitæ. *Thuya occidentalis*.
 Chinese Arborvitæ. “ *orientalis*.
 Virginia Cedar. *Juniperus Virginiana*.

SHRUBS.

- Swedish Juniper. *Juniperus succica*.
 Tree Box. *Buxus arborescens*.
 American Holly. *Ilex opaca*.
 Kalmia. *Kalmia latifolia*.
 American Rhododendron. *R. maximum*.
 Purple Rhododendron. *R. ponticum*.

CLIMBERS.

Honeysuckles, Monthly.	<i>Caprifolium belgicum.</i>
“ Coral.	“ <i>rubrum.</i>
“ Yellow.	“ <i>flavum.</i>
“ Chinese.	“ <i>Sinensis.</i>
Clematis, Sweet-scented.	<i>Clematis flammula.</i>
“ Siebolds.	“ <i>sieboldii.</i>
Wistaria Purple.	<i>Wistaria sinensis.</i>
Dutchman’s Pipe.	<i>Aristolochia siphon.</i>
Trumpet Creeper.	<i>Bignonia radicans.</i>
Virginia Creeper.	<i>Ampelopsis quinquefolia</i>
Evergreen Ivy.	<i>Hedera helix.</i>

LIST OF FIFTY ROSES.

The ground cannot well be too rich for them.
Hardy and beautiful, blooming in June.

Microphylla Rosea; *Pink.*
“ Maria Leonida; *White creamy.*
Double Blush Sweet Briar.
Imperial Provins; *Deep rose.*
Brennus; *Brilliant red.*
Cerisette; *Bright scarlet.*
George the Fourth; *Rich crimson.*
La Tourterelle; *Changes, lilac.*
York and Lancaster; *Striped.*
Ne Plus Ultra; *Cherry color.*
Hybrid Blanche; *Pure white.*
General Thiers; *Very dark.*
Harrison Double Yellow.

MOSS ROSES.

Blush Moss.
Crested Moss; *Rosy pink.*
Luxembourg Moss; *Bright red.*
Lencele; *Scarlet.*
Quatre Saisons; *White, perpetual.*
Perpetual White; *Fine buds.*

PERPETUAL AND REMONTANT.

Quite hardy in the latitude of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Du Roi, or Lee’s Crimson.
Auberon; *Rosy carmine.*
Clementin Duval; *Bright pink.*

Compte de Paris; *Rosy purple*.
 Lady Fordwick; *Rosy pink*.
 Louis Buonaparte; *Lilac*.
 Edward Jess; *Changeable crimson*.
 Madame Laffay; *Rich, light crimson*.
 Mareschal Soult; *Bright rosy purple*.
 Prince Albert; *Rich crimson*.
 Rivers; *Brilliant crimson*.

BOURBONS AND OTHER VARIETIES.

HALF-HARDY.

Gloire de France, or Monthly Cabbage; *Deep rose*.
 Madame Desprez; *Bright rose*.
 Queen of Bourbons; *Waxy bluish*.

NOISETTES.

Champneyana; *Rosy white*.
 Jaune Desprez; *Rosy yellow*.
 Lamarke; *Yellow-white*.
 Solfatare; *Bright sulphur*.

CHINESE AND TEA-SCENTED.

Mrs. Bosanquet; *Large bluish*.
 Queen of Lombardy; *Bright red*.
 Barbot; *Creamy bluish*.
 Devoniensis; *Creamy white*.
 Hymenea; *Fine white*.
 Lyonnais; *Pale Pink*.
 Princess Maria; *Waxy rose*.
 Triumph of Luxembourg; *Rosy buff*.

CLIMBING ROSES.

HARDY.

Ayrshire; *Bluish*.
 Boursault; *Purple*.
 Multiflora (Worthington's); *Deep rose*.
 Queen of Prairies; *Fine pink*.
 Baltimore Belle; *Delicate white*.

